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THE VISUAL IMAGE IN LITERATURE.

THERE are more things in common betwixt literature and art than are dreamt of in our philosophy. One of these is the visual image. Shut your eyes and try to call up a familiar face. Can you see it? If at all, I suspect only dimly, nebulously, flittingly—like the half-formed shapes that glide across our bedroom ceilings, cast upon them *camera obscura* like through the slats of closed shutters. Few indeed can even conceive visualizing power like that of the young Corsican in Sir William Hamilton's anecdote, who, after once writing, could repeat from memory, backward or forward, continuously or by skipping, thousands of unrelated words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, of recondite meaning or none. "He seemed," says Hamilton, "to see the whole list just as it was written." That possible, the rest was easy.

Most of us, however, can colorably visualize hardly anything, even the thing we have just been staring at. Children can far better, but with years of disuse comes loss. Take up the book that was vividest in your childhood: you appreciate a hundred things which for you as a child were undreamed of; but how much more the child saw! I, for instance, can now read more or less philosophy into Christian's perilous passage through the dark valley, with the fiends howling and leering and threatening from either side; but I no longer tremble and shut my eyes tight and stop up my ears because with the inspired tinker I see and hear those ghastly sights and sounds. We were brother artists then, Bunyan and I; now I am only a reader.

Once in a while, perhaps, comes a poet with scalpel keen enough to lift the cataract for a moment. Who can help really seeing, if he will only let himself, Rossetti's picture?

The sun has gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

Even here the illusion hardly outlives half a dozen readings; we begin to think about it, and thinking is the death of seeing. Intellectually, critically—whatever we mean by that—we may still in a vague way appreciate, applaud; we say it is a just, a happy figure. But we are not ourselves happy in it. Only a child, or the genius which is like a child's, can be that. *They* watch the little moon-wisp until it has quite quivered out of sight. For them the stars do sing together—maybe as a group of white-robed girls with choir-books in their hands, as the strangely childlike William Blake saw them.

Most of us feel vaguely our loss of the power to form visual images, to see what we read. We turn therefore, instinctively, to the illustrator. It is only another phase of the ever-growing division of labor, that we thus hire another to do our seeing for us. For myself, reading Dante, I, willy nilly, surrender my right to see him for myself to Doré and Flaxman. I know the sentimentally romantic vision of the one is as perverted as the pseudo-classical re-vision of the other; but what use to know? As a boy I "exposed" my retina to these mischievous images, and now they will not out.

There may be those who will not agree in the present instance about this matter of seeing Dante for yourself rather than through the more artistic vision of a great illustrator, if not Doré or Flaxman, then some other truer. I am of that party myself. Suppose I could recall my childish power of imagining. Should I thereby any the better visualize Dante? Not one whit. I should indeed be as Dante himself—viewing

a vision of my own creating, but it would not look like his vision. I might, were I of like large mold, feel as he felt; because feeling is the same in this nineteenth century as it was in the fourteenth—at least we think so. But seeing is not the same.

A paradox? Even so, but not of my making. We believe that there is a fixed ratio between experience and emotion. When we read how Dante mourned for Beatrice dead, we believe we can sympathize with his sorrow by virtue of like sorrow following like experience; but when at the first anniversary of Beatrice's death, Dante, as he tells us in the "*Vita Nuova*," sat down and drew the picture of an angel, no possible personal, inner experience on our parts could help us to draw that vision as Dante drew it, see it as he saw it. Why not? Simply because there is no fixed ratio between our emotions and the images through which we realize them to ourselves and others.

You will distinguish. An angel is outside the natural; it is but a symbol; doubtless Dante may have expressed the symbolic in a way peculiar to himself; it would be only luck if we could duplicate his angel; but in things of common experience it would be different; between nature and visual images based on nature there is surely a fixed ratio at all times and in all ages. Well, I shall have to differ twice over. I doubt if Dante's angel was a mere individual caprice, incapable of reproduction by us; I doubt further if we visualize the constant, nature, in any constant way.

You assume that a visual image is but a composite photograph taken directly, by superposition upon the dry plate of the imagination, from innumerable first-hand nature proofs. But try to call up the image of some one that you live with and love. Your wife, say. Do there not rise up the lineaments, say, of some faded photograph that you grieved over years ago when you had not the changing elusive reality to console you? The fixed lines of that old likeness bit into your mental retina. They are indelible, where the ever-varying rubbings of reality have left but a blur. Wherever they come from, consider your visual images, and you will

find in the same way not even a composite reproduction of the real things they pretend to stand for, but a reprint, generally conventionalized, often trivialized, not rarely absurdly incongruous, from usually a very few, but accidentally potent, impressions not uncommonly dating back to your youth, even your childhood. Try to draw your visual image of a cat for your little boy, and ten to one, unless later technical training may have modified it, you will find yourself drawing just the same curious triangular-rectangular combination upon four divergent straight lines which your father drew for you, and his father for him, and so on back until we find it again engraved upon an Egyptian obelisk or scratched upon a derelict tool drifted down from the stone age. For that prehistoric artist it was realism itself; for us it is become a *transmittendum* of the visualizing imagination, a rudimentary visual image left uncrushed in the crucible of change.

So far from nature imposing our visual images upon us, it sometimes happens just the other way. We impose our visual image upon the fact in nature that seemed to evoke it. Who has not metamorphosed a dead leaf in the corner of the yard into a live mouse? How many of the terrific specters of our childhood turned out to be just a nightgown over the back of a chair! How stiffly unnatural the rocking-horse courser of the art of yesterday appears beside the fiery instantaneity of Mr. Frederic Remington's mustangs! How grotesquely unreal, impossible, these instantaneous attitudes seemed when Mr. Muybridge first photographed them some ten or fifteen years ago! Horses have not changed; our visual image of Horse has. Once again, who ten years ago saw the purple in conventionally green nature until Claude Monet and his kind saturated our visualizing imaginations with their purples? Now some see altogether purple; others valiantly refuse to take off their green glasses. It is a visual image in process of becoming.

The fact is, in the ceaseless flux of sensations called life our imagination goes poking after something fixed and immutable with all the clumsy insistence of intoxication. Any-

thing, anything to hold on to, to stand still while we fix it in our memory one moment, so that we can call it our own and reach out for something else. In vain. Like Mr. Gillette's Private Secretary with his "goods and chattels," we clutch desperately at one slipping bundle of impressions only to let another fall. We should never get anything picked up permanently if somebody were not at hand to help us.

In the matter of those bundles of impressions which we call visual images, this opportune somebody is the artist. Amidst the welter and whirl of the visible real, art alone holds up quiescent and relatively permanent forms. Art may hold—sometimes—the mirror up to nature; but if so, the mirror is a Gorgon's shield freezing into stone nature's mobile face. Art catches and keeps the fleeting glimpse, but only as we keep the butterfly, by making him a lifeless, pin-fixed husk. And the pin which fixes nature for art is convention. Talk of realism as we will, art does and ever must idealize, conventionalize. To isolate a particular aspect is profoundly to alter it: that which looks gray by itself, grows black beside white, or white beside black. So, away from distracting surroundings, caught in a momentary suffusion of white or yellow or red or purple light, focused to the most effective perspective, infused with the indescribable but equally indisputable personality of the artist, under such transfiguring conditions, what is to become of the commonplace nonentity which art found real and left ideal. Seeing the real and the ideal, which do we remember, and afterwards when the place or thing is named, visualize, provided indeed we have left any power to do such an unpractical thing? Must we not inevitably have found ourselves preferring the artist's vivid image to our own vaguer, poorer, under-exposed negative? Apart from better or worse, just because the art-thing is there and the nature-thing often is no longer among our possible experiences, the former is fixed in our imaginations. We go back and back to it. It waits for us to study it, to absorb it. *Wait* is what nature, life, will never do. He runs well who can catch nature on

the fly, as the bolder scampers of impressionism convince all but the most complacent of enthusiasts.

Force, vital as well as physical, tends to act in the line of least resistance. Hence most of us, when we find an artist making a convenient image for us, spare ourselves the trouble of trying to form one for ourselves. There is even a fashion in such things. What is your visual image of a pretty girl? Before you answer, I almost think I can tell you. If you are an up-to-date American, I will venture to say that you can hardly draw your ideal without a reminiscence of Gibson, even though you never in your life saw a complete "Gibson" girl, or your sweetheart may not look a bit like one. If you had happened to be an Englishman, I should have said, instead of Gibson, Du Maurier. In fine, let me illustrate the popular journal, the popular book, the popular street car advertisement, and with that lever I will lift nature off her pedestal and set up a goddess of my own.

But perhaps it may be urged that the secret of these popular image makers, these Gibsons and Du Mauriers, is that they give the most complete composite photograph of the American or the English girl. At least it is hard for a contemporary to deny the possibility, for we have come to see with their eyes, while their prestige lasts. Drenched with their visual image, this overflows and dyes everything toward which we turn the buckets of our eyes. It is the dead-leaf mouse and the nightgown ghost over again: the mental image completes, if it does not create, the outer fact.

Take, however, the types of other days. Consider visual images, say of beautiful women, how they grow. I suppose we may plausibly name as the supremely beautiful woman of classical antiquity the Venus of Milo, or at least her type. Certainly in the modern world no type has long dispossessed the Madonna of Raphael. Whence the visual image of Raphael? Is the Madonna del Granduca but an Italian peasant girl, idealized a little? No doubt, if due allowance be made for the rider, "idealized a little." In that is the secret. "To idealize a little" means to bring a little nearer

than nature does to a preconceived idea. In the sphere of things seen, this idea is a visual image; what else could it be? Raphael painted on his barrel head another wonderful *contadina* asleep there in the market place with her babe at her breast. Why? Because she was beautiful. True; but again why? Is it not that her face was a faint and imperfect adumbration of the ideal beauty, the complete visual image printed in his own imagination? Else why is she so like all the rest of his women, Madonna or mistress equally? We may grant that, having chosen, he may have tried to copy ever so conscientiously the living model as she was; but between her and him, like a sweet mist, interposes a beauty that he has learned by heart. It is that optical illusion that sways him like a demon; its curves are magnets to his pencil. It is the visual image of his master, Pietro Perugino. Perugino's women and Raphael's are like as mothers and daughters: each the "fairer daughter of a mother fair." If the master may have lacked something of the pupil's human touch, it is because Perugino refreshed his visual image less often by contact with earth, whence, Antæuslike, Raphael's imagination each time sprang the stronger, if, it may be, the less ethereal.

If Raphael took his visual image from Perugino's, where must we look for the original of Perugino's? Again, on the same principle of economy, art refuses to hunt among the mazes of reality for what lies ready to its hand in older art. I am not writing the *provenance* of Perugino's womanly type, or I might trace this type backward step by step to the "almond-eyed, sleek-faced, waistless women" of Giotto, as a living critic¹ has aptly described them. And Giotto's type, in turn, is so closely derived from the hieratic stolidities of Cimabue that it has been popularly asserted that Giotto was Cimabue's pupil. And Cimabue got his visual image from the decadent Greek type of Byzantium; and that came straight from the golden type of Pheidias and Apelles; and theirs again from the stiffly hieratic type, so

¹ Mr. Bernhard Berenson.

reminiscent of the late Byzantine, of the Egyptians; and these got theirs, for aught I know to the contrary, by degrees from Adam's first cataclysmic glimpse of Eve as she dawned on his waking sight in Eden.

Thus with curiously regular fluctuations in degree of convention, now comparatively close to what we moderns are pleased to call nature, now far away in most formal symbolism, a single visual image of Woman has propagated itself from the dawnings of art to our own day; for we still enjoy, absorb, copy it in Raphael's Madonnas. In other words, the visual image, which is the real model of art, has a living evolution of its own, parallel with the fact, which it pretends to copy, but of which it is largely independent.

The artist, then, thinking to reproduce nature in her very form and feature, is self-deceived. He at most but varies by a deepened shadow or two that whole adumbration of his so seeming solid individuality, the inherited visual image of his predecessors; but hands on to the next following the *transmittendum* with his initials on it added to so many others. If artists can add so little to our stock of visual images, what should we expect from authors, whose is the material less of things seen than of things done? The artist can at least show us his visual image, if he happens to have one about him, for his tools reshape the visible; but the author, as Lessing long ago noticed, has in language the poorest possible tool for producing the illusion of sight. Further, in the nature of the case, the poet cultivates rather impressions of the ear than of the eye. If the visual imagination in him were supreme, he would, *ipso facto*, be painter and not poet. It is the harmony of the spheres that moves him, not their visible symmetry. I am not denying the possible coexistence of both temperaments in one person; I am affirming the natural effect of the excess of one of them in irresistibly bending genius to the brush and chisel or to the pen.

If literature is weak where art is strong, should we not expect the former to borrow from the latter's strength? May we not find that the poet, on a level with the rest of us in this respect, seeks the line of least resistance, and on the

whole accepts his visual image of nature not from nature herself, but from art? Doubtless he pays with no less valuable commodities; but with that side of the exchange I am not now concerned.

Well, what then? *Then*, . . . among other things, we should be led to tear our Doré and Flaxman plates out of our Dante. They pretend to supply us with the visual images which we need to see Dante's visions; but the images they supply take us only farther and farther from what Dante himself saw, and now we know what he saw. If Raphael, whose business, whose greatness, it was to see, could yet see so long with only Perugino's eyes, why should we look for more independent seeing from Dante, whose business, whose greatness, it was to speak. He drew an angel, he who was the time-mate of Giotto; shall we look for more originality in his visual image of the angel than in him that in Dante's day "has the acclaim of all?"

. . . ora ha
Giotto il grido . . . (Purg. xi. 95.)

No. Mr. Berenson has justly stated¹ that Dante's angel must have been just one of those "almond-eyed, sleek-faced, waistless women" that gaze blandly, blankly, at us from the canvases of the great Tuscan.

Can we stop with one angel? If the tyranny of the artist's visual image is over one of an author's imaginings, why not as much over all? I do not wish to ride a hobby lame. I would not be understood to maintain that a great author cannot be a great artist too, and therefore develop visual images with the same degree of partial originality as the professed artist. Dante, for instance, of course added to our stock of visual images, as well as the purely suggestive nature of his medium, language, permitted. I do maintain that all that he added must have been of the Giottesque type, or at least strongly colored by it, just as a writer of our own generation will hardly describe nature without revealing in

¹ *Nation* for 1895. I have, however, no reason to claim Mr. Berenson's agreement with my more radical theory.

every polychromatic sentence the visual image *au plein air* of the impressionists.

The close dependence of the literary visual image upon the artistic is most striking, however, when we compare a little more in the large. It is a trite but convenient generalization to divide the history of art into four periods, corresponding roughly with Classical Antiquity, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and Modern Times. These four periods are marked by the supremacy of sculpture, of architecture, of painting, of music. Now it is almost a work of supererogation even to note passingly how the dominant mood of art is carried over into the imagery of literature. How obviously Greek authors shared the visual images of Greek sculptors may be illustrated by one fact: the wearing of masks on the stage. The visual imagination of the audience had been bred to the immobility of sculpture; to them the play of expression, which to us is three-fourths of acting, was abhorrent.

As soon, however, as painting grew more to an equality with sculpture, we begin to find its visual trail in the literature following. Already with the *Idyls* ("little pictures") of Theocritus we begin to note pictorial, rather than statuesque, images. We may perhaps even yet see the models in some sense upon which Theocritus' imagination drew, if we are told truly that the still preserved mural paintings of Pompeii are largely copied from Alexandrine Greek paintings. At Pompeii, then, we may in a measure see Theocritus' Polyphemus as Theocritus saw him. And if the father of the pastoral was pictorial in his images, his immediate followers were strikingly more so. Listen to the picture by Moschus of Europa upon her Bull: "Europa, riding on the back of the divine bull, with one hand clasped the beast's great horn, and with the other caught up her garment's purple fold, lest it should trail and be drenched in the spray of the sea. And her deep robe was blown out in the wind, like a ship's sail, and it wafted the maiden onward." This is literally a pen picture, which Veronese only restored to its proper domain when he translated it into his Rape of Euro-

pa; although doubtless Moschus himself would hardly have recognized his own chaster vision in the Italian's voluptuous color.

Again, as to the literature latent in the "Stones of the Mediæval Builder," Mr. Ruskin has said the sufficient word. I need only remind whoever has dipped however little into the mediæval romances, of their "Gothic" imagery—endless, infinite, complex, monstrous—so diametrically opposed to the classical sobriety and statuesque simplicity. The eyes of the authors of these convoluted and involuted stories of stories had been fed upon the mazy variety, the majesty of size, the infinite complexity of those romances in stone, the Gothic cathedrals. Their eyes, again, had been reverently lowered before those hieratically conceived saints in wood or bronze or stone, each with his or her appropriate mystical symbol and allegorical beast attendant; or had sparkled with the fire of warlike emulation at the stern, mailed effigies of dead heroes; or had twinkled or trembled at those grim, grinning gargoyles, dangerous only to the sinful who should under their fiendish scrutiny dare to enter into the sacred place.

It is, however, with the Renaissance in Italy that the closest dependence of the visual image upon the creations or the conventions of art begins most clearly to show itself. I have suggested how Dante must have visualized the dead Beatrice through Giotto's conventionalized type. Take now Petrarch, who rhapsodizes¹ over a portrait of his *living* Laura, painted by the Siennese artist, Simone Memmi. We cannot, in the face of his own words, deny that Petrarch was thoroughly satisfied with Memmi's visual image of Laura. We also know Memmi's visual image as it is repeated again and again. It is the Byzantine type sentimentalized a little, but still conventional, still merging in one impersonal type individual differences. In fine, no matter what Laura was in herself, we know how she looked to Petrarch, because we know Memmi's type. Nor is the existence of a procrustean art type, to which all human physi-

¹ "Vita di Madonna Laura," sonnets 49 and 50.

ogno my must perforce conform, confined to these early days of modernity, when—perhaps you will say—the individual as such had hardly yet emerged from his mediæval chrysalis. Jump three whole centuries to Sir Peter Lely; or four to Gainsborough; or five to Whistler: are not their portraits less portrait than themselves. Each and every sitter is first submitted to a kind of readjustment; this feature is toned down, that heightened; robustness is made hectic, or fragility angulated into muscularity; blondes blush darkly in shadow until they seem themselves swarthy, or the dusky brunette suffers a pallid sea change—all according to the foreordaining visual image of the painter. If he is popular, then so is his type. Italian women are mainly dark, but what matters it if your Peruginos and your Raphaels, on classical or other principles, set a blonde woman for adoration? *Abbasso la natura!* Contemporary poets and prose writers alike would have only golden-haired, fair-skinned heroines. Witness Ariosto's Angelica, or Tasso's Armida, or their ectypes in the women of Spenser, or the minutely described Beauty of Firenzuolo.

Often in the literature of the Renaissance in Italy writers appealed so directly to the presumed acquaintance of their readers with the conventions of art that to us, without that key, their meaning is unintelligible. Take an instance at hazard—a passage of no intrinsic importance from Pulci's "Morgante." I translate literally. "When Orlando had said these words with many bitter tears and sighs, it seemed as if three cords or lines descended from the sun as if moved by Iris. Rinaldo and the rest stood as is wont one who father or mother watches die, and each was filled with penitence, as though Orlando might verily have been Francis of the Stigmata." Do you understand what Pulci means by these "three cords or three lines" (*tre corde o tre linee*)? Doubtless; but can you explain them to one who does not, except by showing him one of those oft-repeated pictures of St. Francis on his knees while the stigmata are being burned into his palms, feet, and side by burning rays from the corresponding members of a winged Christ in the sky. Pulci

simply, if profanely, transfers the exact visual image from one of the many illuminated books of the saints to his pen picture of the death of Orlando at Roncesvalles.

Illustrations like this might be multiplied at pleasure. For when the revived interest in classical antiquity had once taken firm hold upon Europe, everywhere literature is only a moment behind sculpture, painting, and architecture in repeating visual image after image imbibed from innumerable rediscovered marbles and bronzes and temples of antiquity or reconstructed from descriptions in classical literature. Botticelli paints Venus newly born from the sea, wafted on her shell by a stalwart Zephyr to the bronzelike shore where Spring awaits her with a garment of flower-enameled green; before Botticelli's paint is fairly dry, the poet Poliziano has caught the image and passed it on to literature in the music and word color of his "Stanze." Piero di Cosimo paints and repaints the rescue of Andromeda; Ariosto no less than three times reinscribes the image in his "Orlando."

Exigencies of worship called for ostensibly devout representation of Virgin or martyr or saint, but as the paganism of the Renaissance more and more asserted itself, more and more in dark backgrounds and unnoticed corners of sacred canvases appear bits of local color, of human nature, of humor—phases cropping out again in the popular tale, and lending more and more visual imagery to the talemongers themselves. To see the Renaissance Italian as he saw himself in the affairs of every day—as beggar, as dandy, as loafer, as business man, as courtier or courtesan, in fine, as the whole *dramatis personæ* of the *Novella*, plot book of Shakspeare and his fellows—study the huge, thronged canvases of Carpaccio. Look at those "heavenly twins," the two Courtesans in the Correr Museum at Venice, the brutality latent in their somber, rouged faces, the ungleeful mirth of the one playing with her pet hound, the artist sympathy with the beautiful and the tender suggested in that graceful flower vase and the two innocent doves, the bird of pride too—how all these things illuminate the brutal, somber, jesting, tender, vain literature of that many-sided time,

which with our own eyes we had but read of, but now with Carpaccio's eyes we can at last see.

The art growth of the Italian Renaissance was so vigorous that the literature seems but a wan ghostly *replica* beside it. In Renaissance England the opposite prevailed. There preoccupation was less with the visible world of art than with the invisible and unvisual world of deed and passion. Hence an unsurpassed literature without illustration, and largely without need of illustration, since it rendered things felt, not seen. Hence a drama naked of scene and setting, because the audience cared for other things than seeing. Where the Elizabethan poet builds up visual images, he builds with imported materials. Shakspeare's miniature on porcelain of Venus and Adonis, with its Arcadian background, lusciousness of nude flesh, voluptuous sentimentality, is but a verbal realization of Giulio Romano's visual image. Spenser, laboriously piling verbal image upon image, nowhere, or so rarely as not to count in the total, sees for himself. He thinks, feels, wills magnificently; but his seeing is demonstrably but the reflection of Italian *Trionfi*, of Italian contrivers of *Imprese*, or emblems, of Italian art itself learned perhaps through the catalogue descriptions of Ariosto and Tasso, of Dante and Petrarch and Sannazzaro.

I can but suggest relationships which it would take more than one volume to explain adequately. But let whoever will visibly see the images which incarnated the crude carnal satires of Fielding and Smollett study their elder contemporary, Hogarth; whoever would realize the pseudo-classic visions of Chénier or Goethe, and Schiller or Landor, fill his retina with the manikin posturings of their predecessor David, the painter; whoever would appreciate the *genre* and portrait methods of the English nineteenth century novel, go first—for here specification should be unnecessary—to the National Gallery, British Section; there he will find what his favorite novelist found and, consciously or no, drew from.

But perhaps it is time to draw a practical conclusion. Since only one in ten can evoke a visual image at all; since

even that one perhaps effectively visualizes those few images which he can fix only by laboriously going back and back to them, as we try by repetition to catch a popular tune, that we say we hear inside of us, but cannot somehow make audibly distinct; since in the vast majority of cases, art, isolating and exalting effects in nature slurred and evanescent, imposes its images upon our retinas, deepens them from our picture galleries, our stage, our illustrated books, magazines, our—*horresco referens*—illustrated daily papers—since art is the image maker of literature, to see as well as hear literature we must study art.

Moreover, there are degrees of imperativeness in this necessity. We go to contemporary literature with about the same common stock of visual images that our authors themselves possess. We both have drawn from the same common source—the pictorial art dominant in the time. To have escaped from that all-pervasive influence, we should have had to live blindfold or else have peeled off the accumulated strata of our retinal membranes. Doubtless literature accumulates auditory, as well as visual, images. Doubtless also in our own day the dominant art is music, and therefore the deeper soul of our literature is expressed rather in the mysticism of sound than in the materialism of sight. It might be interesting to trace the contrasting analogies in literature of the two great modern moods of music, culminating in Handel and Haydn on the one hand, and in Beethoven and Schumann and Wagner on the other. Is it not the difference between Macaulay and Landor and Byron even, with their love of the clear, the definite, the complete, and our Brownings, Whitmans, Lotis, *et id genus omne*, worshipers of the suggestively vague? In art, indeed, we might detect a fusion of the two moods of music: the Preraphaelites, with Burne-Jones as their last exponent, with their love of pure line endlessly and intricately involuted and convoluted—what is this line but the “Harmonious Blacksmith” made visible. Or again in Aubrey Beardsley’s sphinxlike scrolls pure line is again made the supreme end of art; but in his line is obvious what in the Preraphaelites was latent: the sensualism under the mask of the mystic,

the striving, the cult of the remote and the mysterious—in fine, the overtones of the sad, but not very sweet, music of humanity, which is the essence of Wagnerism and of our moment.

But all this about auditory images and associations in literature is as Kipling says, "another story." I was speaking of the degrees of imperativeness of having to see the book through the picture. Just because there is but slight need in the book of our own generation, because we have acquired the same stock of visual images as the author of the book—just for that reason the book grows less and less visually intelligible the farther its author recedes from our time. We can see him correctly only as we see him in the illustrations of his own day. Even then we see him imperfectly, distorting into unnaturalness the visual image of other times—when we cannot wrest it forcibly into some sympathy with our own.

Further, there are several grades among authors themselves, regarded as transmitters of visible imagery. The author may himself be also an artist, having the seeing gift and the power to reproduce what he sees. Fortunate, then, are his books illustrated by himself; we cannot see wrong in William Blake's "Songs of Innocence," for there are his own visual images before our eyes. Next fortunate are we in the artist author who, if not actually, specifically illustrates his own works. So far as I know, Dante Gabriel Rossetti never drew his Blessed Damosel; yet never a picture of his but tells us how she looked to him. Again, although the author may lack the artist's hand, he may possess the artist's eye. Consider the more than jealous care Charles Dickens lavished upon the illustrations of his novels, the fifteen or twenty sketches that had to be made for the head of Mr. Dombey before his creator would vouchsafe that "it was good." But the vastly greater class of authors is that whose book is without extra-illustration. Perhaps the author never thought of the matter, or did not realize that his words, so clear to himself and his kindred readers in that day, might call up totally different images before the

alien readers of another time or place; or perhaps he did make or oversee illustrations now lost. In any case, in the lack of contemporary illustration we have still contemporary art to fall back on, and perhaps that is the best illustration. For, unless I have conceived the whole matter awry, art is the matrix of the visual image of literature, so that from the art which inspired the author to the picture which illustrates correctly his book, the progress is wholly circular; it is the same visual image which was first absorbed by the author's retina, verbally expressed in his book, visibly repeated in his illustration. Let us then extra-illustrate our old books with reproductions of their contemporary art, and no longer with vain and irrelevant imaginings of professional illustration makers, rather illusion makers.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

THE POET AS PROPHET.

No greater falsehood was ever promulgated in good verse than Keats's "beauty is truth, truth beauty," or Mrs. Browning's "beauty of the truth," "truest truth is fairest beauty."

The scientist or philosopher seeks to ascertain truth—that is, to render facts humanly intelligible. The poet and prophet work for the increase of beauty and good, which in the end are reducible to the joy of some one. The poet, then, and the prophet are both artists.

To distinguish between the scientist and the artist is not difficult. The former finds his *data* and develops their rational implications. On what is of doubtful significance he puts a reasonable construction, to present us at the last with definite ideas. The artist, out of relatively formless stuff, makes his *data*, which present us an ideal. An ideal I should venture to define as an idea of excellence realized illusively or in fact, compelling the worship of souls. It is not so easy to draw a sharp line between the two functions of poet and prophet. Unhappily much confusion of thought exists on this subject, and more loose language makes the confusion of thought worse confounded. As artists, poet and prophet both strive to impose an ideal on a substance or stuff. But the prophet attempts to act directly on souls. He would make "men of God" of his disciples. The poet does not wish to discipline, but to delight men, by making gods for them, so to say. Neither directly nor indirectly does he intend to change men. The poet is satisfied with his poem and the reader's joy in it. He may be aware that this joy communicates itself and transfigures those it reaches. He is, however, wholly destitute of any desire to make thereby the reader of his poem better or more beautiful. He has not looked for such consequences. His motive in work has been all along the joy of reducing "shows" to "form," or rather eliciting "form" out of "shows." This joy preoccu-

pies him. He would share it, because such joy imparted is joy a hundredfold increased. The prophet, on the contrary, would make avatars or saviors if he could. He labors for the joy of his God in men; or, should he be atheistic (and there have been atheistic prophets), for his own spiritual self-enjoyment. He is concerned with that beauty of persons which we call goodness in its fullest meaning. If his ideas of God and man are large and rich enough, he exacts nothing less of his hearers than the noblest and sweetest completion of physical and spiritual form, in the grand Aristotelian sense of the word "form."

So then, if by nothing else, at all events by their conscious purpose, can we distinguish poet from prophet. The prophet, whether he speak, write, dance, play, or paint (and prophets have used brush, flute, bodily motion), whatever his means, the end in view is always an effect on conduct or character. The poet, as poet, asks only for happy sympathy in realizing sensuously a beautiful dream, as a dream, and no more.

We now proceed to ask ourselves the question: Can a prophet be a poet? Ought a prophet to be a poet? In one sentence I should answer these and all kindred queries:

If the prophet *be* not his ideal (if he cannot with the Christ say, "Behold, I am He"), then he *must* be a poet to paint us a mental picture of his hero (as did the author of the Apocalypse), or use a poet (as the same author did by rich quotations from the work of predecessors, taking his color from their palettes).

Indeed, there have been prophets who have, *in their zeal*, resorted to *acting* out that which they were sorely conscious of not *being*. The attention of the would-be convert must be riveted on the ideal at all cost. If not livingly presented in flesh and blood, ceremony and mime, formal or poetic art will have to come to the prophet's aid, or he cannot even begin his exhortations.

Let us now briefly consider the questions: Can a poet be a prophet? Should he be a prophet?

And I may here note that the brevity imposed upon us

will not be in our case the soul of wit, but the source of much embarrassment, of painful condensations and omissions.

The much talked of messages of contemporary masters may, after careful reflection, prove no more than the ballast that kept their ships steady in the gale of inspiration. It matters but little whether ballast be pig iron or gold ore. It is the weight, not the value, that imports. So the message of a poet has poetic utility only in so far as it gives him self-respecting seriousness of purpose, the long enthusiasm supported by will which allows him, as poet, to pursue his task athwart the years, stringing like precious pearl beads his leisure moments in imperishable necklaces of song; to prepare, stone by stone, according to long-cherished plans, the temple that shall go up for the public noiselessly, as if by enchantment, when the master workman's hour has struck.

As a matter of literary history, a poet's real message is not infrequently in fatal conflict with the message he deemed himself called to deliver. It may clash with his opinions and beliefs, as a man, in a most comical fashion. Merely a case of fancying himself called to one, while actually chosen for another embassy! Spenser, the champion of Puritan morals in the "Shepherd's Calendar" and the setter forth of a sheer ethical purpose in that preface of wondrous unintended humor to the "Faërie Queene," effectively preaches in the "Epithalamion," the Platonic Hymns, and in his very romantic Epic, a sensuous clinging to this earth, a joy in its richness, variety, and grace, a haughty scorn for the ill-bred and the sickly-weak, a delight in opulent manhood—all etherealized by a passion for futile speculation, impossible doctrine, indulged in chiefly for the sake of the picturesqueness or warmth of thought, and the strange devout gleams it could throw over the boisterous open-air life of the flesh.

The conscious message of a poet is usually a distinct limitation of his effectiveness as a poet, even should he at no time have sinned against his sovereign mistress Beauty by didactic prostrations of soul to truth, as truth. How many are the lovers of Shelley's noble "Prometheus Unbound," the

greatest lyrical drama perhaps of all literature? How many are the idealists of a Berkeleyan type who read poetry? What says an Arnold or a Dowden of our Skylark? How many who are not philosophically in accord with Shelley are capable of the play of mind, the intellectual make-believe requisite to an assumption of it as true (not for argument's sake, as we say, but for art's), in order to rejoice personally, triumphantly in the glorious expressions of his philosophy?

Every sensible traveler does in Rome somewhat as the Romans do; enough at least to be in a position to understand what they do and why they do it. Else he can hardly profit by his journey. He might as well have stayed comfortably at home, out of fever's range. Every well-meaning reader, who has his own welfare at heart, preparatory to the joy in the expression (which is of course the primary joy of the reader of poetry), takes pleasure (or, as the case may be, pain) in identifying himself with the poet, in standing at his point of view, seeing thence his world—its kingdoms and all the glories thereof. Afterwards, he may return to his own country, and remember or forget (if he can) what he saw in the poet's cloudland. This preliminary assumption, however, becomes in fact more and more difficult as the distance increases between the reader's and the poet's centers of perspective. It is not easy for the poetic reader of to-day to go through the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained" (for all the splendors of rhythm and diction) with half the enthusiasm those works deserve. "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus," on the other hand, are relatively in the ascendant. The epics so vitally involve a particular theology and a mythology as history that few to-day can sincerely echo as their own the praise of Milton's old devotees. It must be with a Tennyson or a Browning much as with the old blind poet; only we are not yet fully aware of the perishableness of their philosophy, theology, ethics, politics, æsthetics. Who knows whether much of their work to-day best known will be readable with pleasure a century hence?

It is, then, because the poet summons us to rejoice and

take delight that he is teacher for all time. Delight involves reform.

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud.

An appeal is made to subconscious forces. We are not content till

We in ourselves rejoice. (Coleridge's "Dejection.")

Beautiful things reproach us. They also make us hope, casting a glamour over us. They arouse aspiration; they inspire.

But all this is experienced more or less unconsciously by the reader. Any ostensible parade on the part of the poet puts the reader on his guard and practically renders it impossible so to affect him. If the poet be conscious of a passion for bettering us, he is likely to betray it somehow. At the slightest threat of a benevolent violence our individuality will be offended, will prepare itself to repel aggression, and perhaps ever after remain deaf to any and every poetic charmer. Without abandonment to it, the spell will not work its full good. We cannot and must not abandon ourselves to any one who is suspected of having designs on us.

We would answer then the question, "Should the poet be a prophet?" in the affirmative, with the one proviso, that he abstain from *conscious* prophecy. A "message" that he keeps to himself, and only allows to enter his works so far as it will in spite of himself, insures a certain passionate earnestness, a virility of tone and manner, a preternatural courage. For the true prophecies are in every case the unconscious and inevitable prophecies delivered, not out of desire to teach and improve us, but from mad love of the doctrine.

So Shelley is enraptured with his idealistic millennial society, and to him "The Spring" can mean naught else. He gives us in "Prometheus Unbound" the vision his soul saw from the summit of hope. He does not argue with us. Therefore there is nothing to refute. He offers us a draught of imaginative wine; we accept, we quaff; it mounts to our

head, we too see visions and dream dreams. It is a veritable Bacchic madness, but ever after that first deep draught the beauty stays with us in the blood, no matter how puerile the philosophy should eventually appear to our cold intellects.

Men usually feel a potent solicitation within to fight for their convictions. Others, who do not agree with us, offend us more or less. Either we are intellectually weaker than they, to be convinced (overcome) by what does not convince them (overcome them), and we are hurt in our pride. Or they *are* really convinced, but pretend not to be, that they may assume an air of logical superiority, and we are righteously indignant. Or, for sordid motives, they will not allow themselves to be convinced; and so, getting our conscience to side with them against us, circumvent us perhaps, or at all events are in a position so to do, and we hate and despise them by turns. Be these the true reasons or not, it is, at all events, a fact that we fight for our convictions very readily.

The poet as poet has no convictions—only victories: conquests of the invading soul, leaps of enthusiastic spirit. For such we do not fight. We are quite willing others should not agree with us. It seems natural that they should not. It flatters and delights us indeed—the thought that they do not, cannot. Those who are thus not in sympathy with us, we are disposed to pity. We will softly smile if they grow supercilious or overbearing. We will magnanimously offer them, now and then, a crumb from our table. But mark you, these “victories,” “conquests,” “leaps,” are not opinions; they are faiths. We did not climb to them up any ladder of reasoning; we were lifted by peculiar experience of soul or body, as Faust on the mantle of the lost Helena. We realize that they are untransferably our own. Such are the gospels of poets. Against such the reader does not feel disposed to reason. They are simply stated, shouted, sung, as faiths—as personal faiths. When so sung, he is compelled to consent even when he disagrees. He will speak as Arnold and Dowden of Shelley. They could not but

feel his rapture, though they thought it their duty to pity or deride his faiths; and strange words of worship they used about him, that amuse the impartial reader who remembers their impotent protests.

And so it is true, also, that if he remains poet and nothing more (or *less*, as I should be disposed to say), a poet has a quite unrivaled power of rendering even the convictions he cherishes as man fascinating to his readers of adverse opinions. It flatters one to agree with the man who is not eager for proselytes. We want to penetrate his closed esoteric circle. We are piqued, amazed. He is apparently indifferent to us. If we can conscientiously—nay, we will even strain a point—we will bring ourselves insensibly nearer to his position. But all this power to convince us is only the poet's, provided he be never a pedagogue, not even a conscious prophet; provided he continue to delight us with beauty, surreptitiously, because unintentionally, intimating his opinions.

The most astonishing prophetic function of the great poets is one of which they are wholly innocent, and which has nothing whatever to do with their real prophecies, or with their pedagogical lapses from poetry.

That Dante and Milton should have won the leading rank as theological doctors to the cultured laity among Roman Catholics and Protestants is comprehensible enough. But how came the poems of Homer to constitute the Bible of the Stoa? What justified the high fame, not merely for style, but spiritual teaching and counsel, of the gentle Virgil? These incredible offices were filled by the Greek and Roman epic singers, thanks to mystical interpretations, never critically legitimate, but natural enough in their way.

Any opulent work of the imagination must offer expressions, quotable illustrations for as yet unborn thoughts. When an utterly new thing comes to our notice, we search our memory for something in the way resembling it. The "new" terrifies, or at least disconcerts, us. It is comforting to fancy it was once vaguely foreseen or definitely glimpsed by the great of soul. In other words, the works

of the poets become, like nature, storehouses of symbols. Nature intends no more in sunrise than the turn of earth that permits the sun to shine on our portion of her surface. To man the sunrise is a perpetual mystery, a sacrament. If nature knows it, she is doubtless glad of her unintended uses; gladder of them, perhaps, than of those she had foreseen; for such uses would be, so to speak, of grace and faith to her, not of works and will.

Furthermore, to the people "authority" is "authority"—nay, sometimes "notoriety," "fame." They will quote statesmen on Homer or Church doctrine. They will quote Shakspeare on the American Constitution. The authority of the great poets, which is really always only æsthetic (in so far as they are poets), is exploited as if it were also ethical, philosophic, political, theosophic. To give apparent justifications from already extant and famous literature is helpful to the bewildered student of the novel and strange. We are even (when we know in what department the quoted master is really authority, when we are sure we should as little care to consult him on the matter in hand as we should a bacteriologist on the best colonial policy for the United States) yet even we (and I care not whom I include in the plural pronoun) are much more impressed than we should care to admit by an apt quotation from a familiar work! No wonder, then, that prophets have made prodigious and not always scrupulous use of the poets; no wonder that so much is eloquently read out of them, after it has been elaborately read into them.

Yet it is only fair to add that the prophet, even when he reads out of the poet (or prophet) what the true critic—that is, the conscientious reader—knows is not there, must not, as a rule, be accused of fraud.

Some verbal or subtle thought associations, some misunderstanding of the author's purport (due to drift from original sense moorings of his words), brought to the birth what in the reader's mind was living a fetal existence. Midwife Socrates was readily mistaken for Father Zeus! The poet who became the means of revealing a thought is supposed

to have had it first. How could he impart what was not his? If the expression of the thought is not clear and definite, the grateful reader apologizes for his master. He had (that master) to conceal this perilous thought from an unready world! He couldn't utter it more distinctly, because language, being the product of the average mind, furnished no suitable means. Hence *the injected message*. So the poet is made to have builded better (or worse, perchance) than he knew! Old wines, old friends, old poets! At all events it is likely that if the old poets *be* "best" we have done not a little ourselves by frequent perusals and tender broodings over the line, by breathing the spirit of our lives into their red clay, to *make* them "best" to us.

But what advantages does the poetic method give for success in the prophetic work? In what sense may a poet be expected to have a prophetic word of his own? Poets change, guided by the æsthetic impulse, great men into heroes. Their power to please with imagination, fancy, diction, is ascribed unwittingly to the theme of which they sing. So they glorify whatever they mention. Not necessarily, nor indeed often, are the moral judgments they give currency to, their own. They have accepted them. But they have alchemical power to make generally acceptable whatever they accept. They receive the brass of fact, or opinion, and hand it on as the gold of beautiful myth. Nay, they will carry a truth down the ages from mouth to mouth. Though he that hath ears to hear do *not* hear, yet he hands on the tradition intact; and sometime the deaf themselves will have their ears unstopped, hear and understand. A parable will utter across centuries of ignorance and prejudice the doctrine in original simplicity. In an abstract thesis you can interpolate your sentiments so as to change the course of the argument. But the parable is beautiful and defies sacrilege.

But more than we have so far admitted belongs by right to the poet. How came John Milton to make a hero of Satan? He did not. His Satan was already a hero. He was only not considered such. The contemporary ethical the-

ories had no room for certain virtues which practically every worthy Puritan admired and desired. Still they were, as a matter of fact, outside of his religious ken. Milton's verse revealed the essential Puritan virtues in Satan, and Milton's hero preached over the shoulder—nay, over the head—of John Milton himself.

Now this and all similar cases are explicable only by the freedom of the poet. In the so-called license (to put it paradoxically) resides his virtue—as in Samson's long hair his strength.

The poet is not locked in logical fetters attached to accepted premises. So-called laws often are inhospitable to newly discovered facts. The premises, then, glibly assumed are false. Rigorous logic would lead into error. But instinct, in the poetic abeyance of logic, may lead to truth.

The poet is under no obligation to make his intuitions (or fancies) harmonize with his world of personal or professional convictions. He is therefore free from himself, his pride, his prejudice; he can afford to be inconsistent without forfeiting self-respect. Hence he can be impartial in his survey of exceptional facts; he may as poet altogether outsoar the man. Wordsworth, the poet, may take French leave of Wordsworth, postmaster and laureate.

The poet has no objection to the novel, as such. The poet's office is to delight. The "new" often elicits wonder. Wonder is next of kin to worship. The reader comes to the new with fresh senses and keen mind. Hence the poet is tempted, because he *is* a poet, to set the "new" in relief. Hence it will be seen to advantage. Truth may be discovered.

But the poet is, not only as poet, often the pioneer of the scientist or philosopher, and the suggester of divine messages to prophets. He furnishes the prophet with the *facts of the inner life*. Experiences of soul cannot be got as deliberate experiments in a psychological laboratory. The prophet is, as prophet, intense, partial, biased, enthusiastic, and exclusive. This must be for the sake of his effective-

ness. The poet's epic or dramatic impartiality—his joy in the destruction of the hero and of the salvation of the mean man, if the beauty of the plot require them—render the poet fit to present the inner life with benign and sometimes sublime faithfulness to truth. It gives him an insight that may penetrate the darkest corners. He must sympathetically, as poet, enter his villains. He must be as tolerant as the sun. He must love with God's creative and redemptive love. A Browning alone can give us a Guido and a Pompilia. So Browning, being a poet, is a prophet of the soul. Shakspeare gives us his Brutus, his Cordelia, his Shylock, his Lady Macbeth—and he too is a prophet.

Further than this, not only does the poet preach the "love of humanity" from Homer with his Achilles to Ibsen with his Brand, but the poets all are prophets of the apotheosis of man. You doubt it? Leopardi, after pessimistic meditation, chants in direst earnest of the contemptibleness of man, and preaches so that all are forced to heed the greatness of Leopardi. But Leopardi is a man. And we are men. So after all he has given us a pæan on the nobility and the spiritual destiny of humanity!

In conclusion it should be admitted that the poet exercises often the very predictive function of the prophet. A theory of life is imaginatively applied to imaginary men and women, in fictitious conditions. In the whirl and wash of time these conditions become actual. Men and women, like those of the poet's imagining, find themselves in similar conditions, and they see their most intimate thoughts, their most elusive feelings, their most secret deeds all foretold. The destiny of humanity is read with eyes, eager and astonished, moist with gratitude, in the works of the poet who foreknew without foreknowledge—at whose ear sat Fate his close-veiled confidante—and the Fate that sat there, pouring into his ear the future was, after all, the Muse of the *happy* Poet.

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

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DEMOCRATIC CRITICISM.

Two modes of criticism have been developed in the history of judgment which may be designated by the terms "aristocratic" and "democratic," on the ground that as the art of an aristocracy is the product of an exclusive culture, the object of the accompanying criticism is to develop and discipline "good taste," and as the art of a democracy is an outcome of generous human impulses, the aim of its criticism is to increase and fortify personality.

In a "classic" age, the ideal of which is to have and be the "best," the fine arts are patronized and enjoyed in the interests of an intellectual and special culture. The reader of books, reclining at ease in his library chair, assumes the judicial attitude and essays to find that in the book which accords with "good taste" and "right reason." He concerns himself largely with questions of taste, matters of style, and principles of correct composition. A Matthew Arnold selects a line from Dante and one from Chaucer and uses them as touchstones of propriety. The æsthetic canons that support this criticism relate to principles of refinement, selection, symmetry, balance and proportion, the general effects, that is, involved in the standard classical canon of order in variety.

The classical canon was a rule of temperance. The Greeks lived resolutely in the whole, loving equally truth and beauty and goodness, proportioning the play of each faculty so as to secure the largest total effect of life. With the authority of their matchless achievements they imposed upon all succeeding art and criticism an æsthetics corresponding to their ethics.

But the classical ideal of perfection, as it has received application in the modern world, is an ethics of restriction. Intellectualism dominates the process. To-day to be cultured in the classical sense means to be intellectually refined and polished and to have the impulses of the heart well un-

der the control of the head. To be socially aristocratic means to seek the attainment that only the few can achieve and to abhor the coarseness and vulgarity that attach to the general mass. So to be critically aristocratic is to love the good form and grand manner that spring from a prerogative culture and to detest the imperfections that belong to universal and humanistic art.

The first great force that affected æsthetics to the opposition of the exclusory canon of culture was Christianity. Christ directed the sight of the world away from the external to the truth of the inner life. The beauty of his religion is the beauty of holiness. The contest between the two principles of beauty is well illustrated in "*Quo Vadis*," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, which may be read as an allegory of the struggle between sense and soul in the transition period from paganism to Christianity. Greek poetry and beauty passed with the death of Petronius and Eunice, but a higher poetry and beauty was born at the marriage of Vinicius and Lygia. "Whoso loves beauty is unable to love deformity" said Petronius, the arbiter of elegance. But in the mind of Vinicius was generated the idea that another beauty resided in the world, a beauty immensely pure, even though deformed, in which a soul abides.

The next considerable force that tended to modify the classical standards was science. Instead of the cultured man, science rewards the knowing man; and instead of the art of "good form," it advocates an art of true fact. In one sense science is an apotheosis of the commonplace. It exalts comprehensiveness. From its microscope, piercing inward to the atom, and from its telescope, pointing outward to the star, nothing is excluded that is inclusive. The love of pure truth which science has engendered, and the truer view of the constitution of things which knowledge has brought, has had a profound effect upon both artistic production and criticism. The first great result of science was the dispossession of the field of art of its conventional themes and the substitution of realities in their stead. Painting and literature, the representative arts, have been the arts

especially affected. The weary round of madonnas and saints that the Church required of its pietistic painters gave way before the awakened enthusiasm of men for the common sights of the town and woodland—"the shapes of things, their colors, lights, and shades, changes, surprises."

Fra Filippo Lippi was in too early revolt against the religious theme to establish a method, but still in his ideas he was a precursor of scientific landscape art. Browning in his poem on this artist makes the painter monk say to his captors, the constables of Florence:

Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at?

If science had not then come in to answer this question "What's it all about?" and to construct a new and vital mythology of nature, we might still be admiring St. Lawrence toasting on the irons, or Jerome beating with a stone his poor old breast.

In literature science has rendered nugatory for modern service the whole body of imaginative myths and fictions. "Geology," says Professor Chamberlain, "has dispossessed Hades. A great field of gloomy imagery is gone. Dante's 'Inferno' is a literary phenomenon that will never recur. On the earth the whole category of ghosts and witches, of demons and dragons, of elves and fairies are gone, and the literary function they subserved is destroyed. The 'Hamlet' of the future may have its Hamlet, but not its ghost. Astronomy has swept away the mythic heavens and destroyed still richer and brighter fields of imagery. Aurora and Phœbus and the crystalline sphere are gone. The curtain of the heavens has been folded up and laid away as the garments of our children, as things loved but outgrown. Olympus is gone. Milton's cosmos, equally with his chaos, is only a picture of the past. The richest imagery of all past literature has lost its power save as the glory of the

past. And this simply because it was not true." Truth is indeed the key word of science. To this everything is sacrificed. But while old things have passed away, a new literary heaven and earth are being created, and upon the new materials imagination proposes to work with the old potency and charm and idealization. Whitman speaks the word of the modern in his declaration that "the true use for imaginative faculty of modern times is to give ultimate vivification to facts, to science, and to common lives, endowing them with the glories and final illustriousness which belong to every real thing and to real things only. Without that ultimate vivification which the poet or other artist alone can give, reality would seem incomplete, and science, democracy, and life itself finally in vain." If facts are to be made into art, the one factor necessary is the sufficient artist to harvest, grind, knead, and bake the facts. After the success of Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, and Whitman in handling scientific material there need be no fear of default in imaginative creation in art. It may be that the actual knowledge we shall gain of the visible universe will make the fictions of fancy comparatively petty and jejune. How sublime are the heavens to Whitman! Can fancy exceed this simple statement:

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems;
 And all I see, multiplied as high as I can cipher, edge but the rim
 of the farther systems.
 Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,
 Outward and outward and forever outward.
 My sun has his sun, and round him obediently wheels;
 He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit;
 And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.
 See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
 Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

With this introduction of scientific fact into the productive field, the intrusion of the scientific spirit in the realm of criticism could hardly be avoided. Something was needed to recover criticism from its "primrose path of dalliance" and to give it serious content. For the criticism of taste, during the period of declining aristocracy, had become mere dilet-

tantism, mere tasting and relishing and objecting; in the words of Professor Freeman "mere chatter about Shelley," or in the phrase of a still severer castigator of cultured methods, Professor Gildersleeve, "mere sensibility and opulent phraseology," "finical fault-finding," or "sympathetic phrasemongery." In the face of such incompetency science, with its inductive method, its conception of law, had no difficulty in bringing the artistic world to a new point of view. The general effect of scientific methods and ideas upon æsthetics has been to advance the spirit of disinterestedness, to adopt relative for absolute standards, to emphasize matter instead of manner, and to introduce notions of life and growth. "Before all else," says Professor Dowden, an exponent of scientific interpretation, "the effort of criticism in our time has been to see things as they are, without partiality, without obtrusion of personal liking or disliking, without the impertinence of blame or applause." Perhaps of greater significance has been the recognition of law which has lifted the study of art out of the dominion of elegant trifling and allied it to the important sciences of life and mind. Specifically, three schools of study have arisen under the domination of the scientific spirit: first, the investigators who undertake the "higher criticism" of texts and deal narrowly with questions of fact; second, the inductive interpreters who work broadly with the factors of age, race, and environment, evolution and personal force, or who scrutinize specific compositions to determine the principles of interpretation; third, the "comparative" group, who conceive literature as one of the provinces of universal nature, whose aim is to compare literatures, to study origins, the development and diffusion of literary themes and forms, to group the whole body of literary facts according to natural lines of evolution, and to write the history of man in so far as that history is reflected in his imaginative creations.

Contemporary with the seething intellectual movement which brought science to birth, a mightier and more extensive social revolution created the second of the modern Titans, democracy. Democracy, operating both as a destruc-

tive and a constructive force, was destined from the first effectually to destroy the monarchic and feudal position, to modify or supplement the ideas and methods of science, and to start the critical world toward a new point of view.

The general significance of the democratic movement in art is well expressed by Edward Carpenter in his poem "Towards Democracy:"

Art can no longer be separated from life;

The old canons fail; her tutelage completed, *she becomes equivalent to Nature*, and hangs her curtains continuous with the clouds and waterfalls.

The form of man emerges in all objects, baffling the old classifications and definitions. . . .

The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break—

At the sound of the new word spoken,

At the sound of the word "democracy."

Wholly indifferent to the outcry of a privileged culture, democracy has brought about an extension of the bounds of art in three directions. In another paper I have spoken of the inclosure in the field of art, through the growth of the modern spirit, of the average and the universal man. Democratic art has taken for its set purpose to unfold the beauties inherent in the people and to declare the glory of the daily walk and trade. Two features of the movement which have bearing upon the theory of art remain to be considered. First, the distinction drawn by aristocratic culture between the fine arts and the industrial arts, is losing its force. The removal of boundary lines does not point to the abasement and vulgarization of the fine arts, but signifies rather a radical and violent reversal in æsthetic theory. The grounds of art are shifting from outward formalism to some principle relating to subjective play and life. The artist is the maker, the free creator, who molds materials of many kinds to the end of pleasure and self-realization. When the industrial artist works under the conditions of freedom and self-realization, he ceases to be a slave to commerce and production, is entitled to the name of the fine artist as well as to his rewards in joyous existence—the rewards that the divine artist

gets, in his own creations. Not a perfect object but a perfected man, not a rigid definition but a fluid personality, is the end of socialistic art.

The one mind that has penetrated the waste bewilderment of the industrial world, understood its tendencies, and solved the problem of its emancipation, is William Morris, whose career as poet, master workman and socialist has been determined by his conversion and subsequent adherence to the cause of democratic art. Morris' great life work has not been his poems but his theory of life. The redemption of the toiling masses of men from themselves, their environment and their actual oppressors, by a life expanding toward an ideal beauty to be realized in every activity from the lowest to the highest—this has been the end for which the poet labored. His desire to return art (by which he meant the pleasure of life) to the people explains his abandonment of his early lyrics and epics, his espousal of socialism as a means of redemption, and his industrial experiments in proof of the easy alliance of beauty and life.

The propositions of industrial æsthetics may be briefly formulated in the following terms: first, beauty and art are no mere accidents of human life, which people can take or leave as they choose, but a positive necessity of concrete living—unless men are content to exist in a manner less than the highest. Second, beauty is a subjective effect and to be defined in terms of pleasure. And the highest pleasure is that which arises when an artist is given permission to set forth freely in forms that which his mind conceives. "That thing," said Morris, "which I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor." Third, granting the pleasure of life to be the essence of beauty, how can beauty be universally realized? How but by the association of beauty and that which is commonest and nearest, the labor of the human hand? Labor is not rightly a preparation for living but a consecrated means of living. Labor becomes life when it is in the direction of a man's will. Structure should arise out of the soul. Decoration is the expression of man's pleasure in work, the play of the hand

in free activity. The pleasure that the fine artist enjoys returns to the people when the people in their turn learn to express themselves in their daily work with the artist's freedom and to the end of self-realization. Then are art and labor associated to the consecration of each, and modern industrialism emancipated from its slavish subjection to a machine and a product. The popularization of art involves the two factors, the return of creation to that which man must perforce make and the return of pleasure to that which man must perforce use.

The association of art and labor is no new experience in the race's history. The life of the people of Japan furnishes a convenient illustration of the power of beauty to enhance the pleasure of living. Among the Japanese the love of art is innate, its production universal. Labor of every kind, even to the tilling of a tiny plot of ground or the building of their modest homes, is done as much to give delight in contemplation as to supply the gross needs of daily existence. The common articles of use bear the impress of artistic fingers. They are made to strike the senses by their beauty as the first effect of their use. Care is taken to build the home that it may command an ample view of the country side. The charm of their towns lies in their location and in the design of street and garden and grove. The people of Japan have no rest day, no Sunday or saints' days—what need have they to escape from toil when labor is itself a blessing? Living for beauty is life in the direction of complete satisfaction. They are not in bondage as Western nations are to any system of superfluous wants. Nature is made subservient to their æsthetic impulses. Their appropriation of the world is not mechanical but personal. When a tree blossoms and flowers bloom an ecstasy is felt by the farmer, not at the prospective crop but at the immediate spectacle. A bird is held in regard for its song and plumage. A mountain is the symbol of the celestial paradise. They have exorcised the demon of hurry. They live for their ideals, working with loving care upon *minutiæ* which seem to the Western mind incompatible with the serious

business of life, the making fame, wealth, leisure luxury. The result is that the poorest endure an otherwise burdensome lot with equanimity because of the satisfaction beauty affords the finest instincts. As a race the Japanese, in the land of flowers, are simple in their modes of life, quick in intelligence, gentle in character, elastic in temperament, juvenescent in feeling—a race kept ever young by their love of beauty.

Among European peoples there was a time in the Middle Ages when art and labor had their due association. That was the short, brilliant period when labor, having won its freedom, expended its energies in the erection of the Gothic cathedrals. "In the twelfth century," said William Morris, recounting the struggle for freedom, "the actual handicraftsmen found themselves at last face to face with the development of the earlier associations of freemen which were the survivals from the tribal society of Europe; in the teeth of these exclusive and aristocratic municipalities the handicraftsmen had associated themselves into guilds of craft, and were claiming their freedom from legal and arbitrary oppression and a share in the government of the towns; by the end of the thirteenth century they had conquered the position everywhere, and within the next fifty or sixty years the governors of the free towns were the delegates of the craft guilds and all handicraft was included in their associations. This period of their triumph, marked amid other events by the battle of Courtrai, where the chivalry of France turned their backs in flight before the Flemish weavers, was the period during which Gothic architecture reached its zenith." The glory of Gothic architecture lies in the association of art and labor in construction: labor was free, and free labor issued in glorious art.

In like manner the struggle of the modern world to gain its industrial independence is leading directly toward artistic constructiveness. Every gain in freedom means a step forward in art. The issue of the industrial battle is perhaps the greatest in history. For in it are wrapped up the possibilities of a universal art. It is not possible that the inter-

ests of men can be for very long confined to the development of the mechanical energies alone.

The principles of industrial æsthetics, and conspicuously the canon of the pleasure of life, are fortified and proved by the result of scientific investigation into the origin of the artistic impulse. Evolutionary æsthetics points to a conception of art as the outcome and embodiment of the freer and higher activities of being. By means of the principle of play, first suggested by Schiller, but for which in this connection the name of Herbert Spencer stands, the origin of art in primitive man is intelligibly explained. Briefly stated, the knowledge prevails that art has its origin when the race had reached that stage of culture that it could rise above mere physical necessity and gratify the instincts and feelings just dawning into consciousness by engaging in free "play." Play as a form of more or less spontaneous expression, implies freedom from physical needs, an excess of life functioning, some conscious satisfaction, and a certain power of abstraction. When play came to be consciously regulated under some principle of order, and conducted to the satisfaction of higher instincts and the conveyance of the sense of spiritual significance in material things, the long process of art began.

Evolutionary æsthetics agrees with the propositions of industrial æsthetics in regard to the primal principle of the importance of beauty in life. In play primitive man, engaging in an ideal exercise, brought into activity, and therefore into fuller consciousness, the various ideal faculties of his being. It would seem that art, considered in its aspect of play, is the goal of all life. As Schiller says, man "only plays when in the full meaning of the term he is man, and he is only completely man when he plays." Evolutionary advance is along the line of the selection and survival of beauty. The agreement of the theories is even closer in respect of the universality of the artistic instinct and the corresponding need of every human being to become a free creator if he is to live the life designed by nature and advance himself into higher forms of spiritual godlikeness. The play of evolutionary

æsthetics is the pleasure of industrial æsthetics, and play and pleasure are just so much of spiritual significance added to life and labor. A third aspect of the general question appears in what may be called educational æsthetics, meaning by this the theory of beauty that concurs with the principles and methods of the new education. The new education differs from the old in regard to purpose and means. The education of the past has been in a great measure special and aristocratic. The feudal system evolved a curriculum directed to the shaping of a gentleman, a dignified and exalted object, and the gentleman in his turn took care to preserve his position by insuring general ignorance on the side of the masses and a special culture for himself and fellows. The means employed was an exclusive school with its classical studies and its formal discipline. Though social conditions changed from century to century, and the world at large grew slowly democratic, the school remained a stronghold of the nobility and retained its feudal forms and traditions. Almost to the present day the school has educated its pupils intellectually and prepared them to live in an aristocracy. It has left them selfish and destroyed sympathy and the spirit of good will. So far as this education was æsthetic it followed the classical canon of culture, the canon of selection and refinement. To strive for selection and refinement in an age of humanity, to separate men from each other when the conditions of social happiness require association, is to leave life bare and barren. An education formed on the lines and principles of a Greek temple is too narrow, perfect, and exclusive to meet the wants of an era of expansion. Mutterings of discontent have recently been heard from some who recognize the failure of the dogma of discipline and who have visions of the future of good will. A prominent educator, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, has recently voiced this feeling of dissatisfaction: "Our schools have followed too largely the monarchical idea, and too little the plan of self-government, which represents the spirit of the Republic. We look out on the moral conditions of the people with alarm, and there

comes to the prophetic souls the strong conviction that we must have a new order of universal education—an education that tends to character on the principle that ‘power lies in the ultimates’—to make a new generation to meet the higher demands of the age.” The age demands character, not merely knowledge or discipline. It demands a full-rounded personality, capable of responding to the myriad appeals of environment, equipped for sensation, feeling, thought, and conduct. It demands an education that shall be social in its forms and altruistic in its motives. The failure of the present modes is further enforced by Mr. Butterworth: “Our present system of elementary education does not rise to the moral requirements of the age; it stands too largely for the development of memory for the purpose of mere money-making, to the neglect of the nobler spiritual faculties. It too often leaves out the cultivation of the heart and the training of the hand, the quickening of conscience and the growth of the moral perception. Such a system is not education in any large sense; it is what Pestalozzi called ‘mere instruction.’ The education that makes character, individual and national, begins with the heart, the conscience, and the imagination.” Another censure of like import has been rendered by Josephine Locke: “Our education has been too mathematical and too analytic; it has trained the individual for self-preservation at the expense of his relationship to his fellows. It has blinded him to coöperation with the great law of evolution: vicarious suffering, self-sacrifice. How has it done this? By presenting the studies isolatedly for their own sakes, and by teaching each subject in its immediate details, in its Gradgrind facts, by the omission of the æsthetic element, by the exaltation of culture for culture’s sake, by the offering of stimulants to excellence and by giving the disciplinary and formal studies precedence over the nourishing and informal.” There is need, therefore, in modern culture of securing some effective means of cherishing the ideal within the soul. We need a new standard of values. The educational reforms in contemplation provide for the application of the

principle of self-activity in all lines of development. This involves the substitution of character for knowledge, an inward striving for an outward accomplishment, an experience for a derivation, the exercise of the whole social personality for mere intellectual display. As means to secure the spiritualization of education the advocates of the new theory offer creative or artistic studies in the place of formal or disciplinary ones. The child learns by creating. The power by which educational activity is carried on is imagination. This is the central faculty upon the development of which depends the efficiency of the faculties of observation and judgment, the exercise of the reason, the activity of the will, and the responsiveness of the moral sympathies. The studies calculated to discipline and nourish the imagination are the arts. Art is liberation. It is instinct, feeling, spontaneity. It is the full activity of the self. Good will lies at the heart. Its characteristics are freedom, self-activity, and love.

Whether the ideal of the new education can be realized remains to be seen. Surely the child, modeling a form in the pliant clay, affords a happier and more hopeful sight than the child learning by rote a printed page. As the new movement is the outcome of democracy, we may expect its advance with the increase of the democratic spirit. The æsthetical principle involved is the same as that presented by science and the new industrialism, the principle of play. May it not be that through the operation of evolution, the struggles of industrialism to secure the freedom of the workers, and the efforts of the school to reach the hearts and souls of its pupils a new æsthetic man will rise to grace the later ages of the world?

Besides establishing the canon of pleasure for the creative artist, democracy has given formulation to a second though allied principle of æsthetics for the use of the critic: the canon of correspondency or the canon of the characteristic. With the development of the modern spirit questions respecting the nature of beauty have again arisen. Does beauty lie in the right relation of the parts of a composition

or in inherency and wholes? Is it something artificial and conventional, or something attached to vital functioning? Is it conserved by obedience to the aristocratic canon of order, or to the democratic canon of the characteristic? "My opinion," said Walt Whitman, "has long been that for New World service our ideas of beauty need to be radically changed and made anew for to-day's purposes and finer standards." Sooner or later the New World, for purposes of its own, will construct a complete system of æsthetics from the point of view of character or inherency. The feeling for beauty may be said, indeed, to be as wide as life itself. Some stages of this expansion of interest may be seen in the never-ending revolt against the restrictions imposed by the classical canon of order, with the result of inaugurating at certain times vast and far-reaching revolutionary movements in the direction of the romantic. Theoretical stages of this change are discoverable in the growth of the term "beauty" in point of its inclusiveness. Up to the eighteenth century the term referred almost exclusively to that which was appropriately designed and ordered. But nature exhibited aspects harsh and terrible and uncouth, which nevertheless had interest to men. To explain human sympathy with that which was not well ordered, the theory of the sublime was developed, at first without relation to the theory of beauty, but later falling within its scope. At the same time the theory of the ugly was broached, the ugly being regarded as the negative of the beautiful. But recent æsthetics understands that the ugly, by becoming characteristic, may be made a subordinate element in the effects of beauty, and so the theory is absorbed in the larger conception.

From a wider historical and philosophical point of view the stages of advance may be indicated by reference to the development of an important principle of thought. The Greeks were held at the stage of naturalistic monism, and, finding unity in external nature and in form, the æsthetic canon of order in variety sufficed the needs of their philosophy. The Middle Ages, under the influence of Christianity, advanced to the stage of romantic dualism, a vast gulf being

fixed between an infinite ideal of perfection and any possible attainment in a finite world. The philosophy so deepened its knowledge with respect to the universe within that the mind learned to rely upon a symbol for the expression of its thought, without regard to the formal quality of the means. Thus far no adequate synthesis had been reached. The Greeks found unity in nature through defective idealism. The Middle Ages arrived at unity in the infinite through an imperfect sense of the finite. The last and modern stage of spiritual monism represents on the one hand the closure of the gulf between form and content, under the combined forces of idealistic philosophy and monistic science, which together reveal the immanent reason in both the world without and the world within, and on the other hand the attainment of a new synthesis of ideal in form. A form idealized has the unity neither in the form nor in the idea, but in an idealized form that is different from either form or idea; it is form made abstract; it is idea made concrete. The racial expression of this philosophic synthesis is discoverable in the growing sense of the solidarity of society which is manifestly increasing through the extension of individual importance. The artistic outcome of the process is an art that does not aim primarily at a beautiful form, but at the most adequate expression of some particular content. The corresponding critical theory is one that scrutinizes form for its meaning and idea for adequate expression. Philosophic monism, social democracy, characteristic art, and the corresponding æsthetics are parts of one stupendous social movement.

According to the canon of the characteristic, beauty lies in significance. Beauty comes into being when a significant content is duly expressed. "Which is the more beautiful," asked Millet, "a straight tree or a crooked tree?" And he answered forthwith: "Whichever is the most in place. The beautiful is that which is in place." This describes the music of Wagner, and of other romantic composers; the beauty of whose music does not rest in tone or in relation of tone, but in the adequacy of expression to meaning. The form is beautiful in so far as it has been absorbed in mind and feel-

ing. As the middle term between form and content is the artist who gives the idea to the form, as no content can get into a form without first being in the man, art has come to be defined as "the utterance of all that life contains." But life must be sincere. Beauty abides in creation on the artist's part, in re-creation on the observer's part. The admission of the personal element carries with it the justification of artistic egotism and even lawlessness; the real law, however, is not outer but inner. The ugly takes a place in the synthesis if it can be flushed with meaning. The grotesque gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral are directly related to the creed which the cathedral exhibits; they have the same right there as the figures of angels. The way is opened for the play of suggestions and associations. Formal art is displayed to the senses and to the logical intellect; characteristic art quickens the imagination and throws the observer back upon his own power to deal artistically with realities. It has multiple standards, inasmuch as the possible relations between form and idea are infinite. One perfection in art does not destroy any other perfection any more than one eyesight countervails another eyesight. The classical standards are not destroyed, provided the idea is of such a nature as to require the abstraction of form for its presentation. Further, characteristic art is often indeterminate in value. It is beautiful to one who can make it so. More than ordinary demands are made, therefore, upon the critic who would realize the unity of art that depends upon meaning. Schlegel makes this clear in discussing the higher unity of a play: "The separate parts of a work of art are all subservient to one common aim—namely, to produce a joint impression on the mind. Here, therefore, the unity lies in a single sphere, in the feeling or in the reference to ideas. This is all one, for the feeling as far as it is not merely sensual and passive, is our sense or organ for the Infinite which forms itself into ideas for us. Far, therefore, from rejecting the law of a perfect unity in tragedy, as unnecessary, I require a deeper, more intrinsic, and more mysterious unity than that with which most critics are satisfied."

Further considerations of the canon of pleasure, play, and the characteristic will lead to a constructive definition of democratic criticism.

The test of good art in a democracy must be its capacity to satisfy some universal requirement in human nature. Democratic art is to conquer in the plane of the common and general. What, then, is the paramount human wish, the realization of which brings happiness, the denial of which causes despair? I recall a drawing by William Blake, entitled "I Want," which represents a man standing at the foot of a ladder that reaches from the earth to the moon, up which he longs to climb. Is it the moon we all want? anything so far distant? Is it not something nearer at hand, as near as hand and feet, life itself? I do not mean that we all seek to escape death, but that we yearn here and now for full abounding energized being. As the poet says:

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.

We want the fulfillment of the promise of every faculty. We want the greatest possible health of body, activity of mind, glow of emotions, play of imagination, force of will, vitality of character. We want the thousand possible streams of thought and will impulse set freely flowing within us. Whence comes the satisfaction of the want we all know to be universal? Where but from the source and fount of life, from art in which life has abundantly entered—life conceived after the heart's desire, life made not to the end of good taste alone, or of knowledge alone, but involving the whole of nature to the end of universal progress? Said Goethe in the midst of the waste and bewilderment of his time: "Art still has truth; take refuge there." Art in its entirety is the expression of man's being in its entirety.

A perfect response to art requires the activity in the observer of those faculties of being to which the artist has made his appeal. He who is unwilling or incapable of yielding the sympathetic response fails in his interpretation just to the extent of his denial. The best student of art is

the one who is alive at most points, who can accept the challenge of the artist to the contest of thought and feeling, who in his own being is as active as the artist himself.

Before venturing upon a constructive definition we may inquire what is wanting in the methods of "good taste" and of scientific interpretation, when considered from the point of view of life's freedom and power and pleasure in play.

The criticism of taste is manifestly inadequate to our modern democratic needs. It was a method that came into vogue during periods of aristocracy, when men were more concerned about the manner of their speech and dress than the matter of their thought and character. It is a method essentially narrow, exclusive, the special instrument of a literary *coterie* and professional class. It is not, and cannot ever be, universal. Democracy calls less for the fine phrase, the selected gracious ornament, more for the large view, the inner character, the grand personality that betokens universal life itself. The criticism of taste has, however, one important feature: it contains ideas of the best, it has standards of the right. Even a democracy wants to know the best things thought and said in the world. The criticism that does not give rank to works of art fails in its important mission. When art comes to the judgment of the people, upon what grounds will rank be given? On the ground of the "grand manner?" or on the ground of the "grand" personality? Evidently works of art will be adjusted according to their capacity to satisfy and develop personality. One of the wisest utterances ever made in criticism is the dictum of Wordsworth concerning poetry: "If it contributes to the pleasures of sense, that is one degree; if to the higher pleasures, its rank rises as the whole personality of the reader is called into action." Such a standard is inner and not outer. Then books that read well in parlors will pass with difficulty in the open air, in streets and workshops. With the standard of "good taste" a democracy has little to do.

The scientific process has the advantage of being more universal. At least it is dependent only upon ability to handle the method, and not upon culture or refinement. It may

be employed by any one who has intelligence; it has been used by those who have only patience and industry. The objection to induction is that in remaining objective scientific criticism omits from its results fully one-half, often the whole, of the artistic effect, the subjective—that is, the response which the observer in his own creative capacity gives to the call of the artist. Pure induction does not allow for personal absorption or provide for individual associations. It is afraid of enthusiasms. It denies any necessity of vital response. So long as men remain moral and sentient, there can be no disinterested endeavor to find the truth of art. In scientific criticism an attitude too exclusively intellectual is taken toward that which is a product of the whole man as a thinking, emotional, imaginative, and moral being: "Love, hope, fear, faith," says Browning, "make humanity." It is as Edward Carpenter said to the moon:

I know very well that when the astronomers look at you through
their telescopes they see only an aged and wrinkled body;
But though they measure your wrinkles never so carefully, they do
not see you personal and close,
As you disclosed yourself among the chimney tops each night to the
eyes of a child,
When you thought no one was looking.

Research, it seems, is too analytic; detaching form from idea and idea from form, it destroys the synthesis of reality and life. Science has imperfect standards, weeds and flowers having the same value under its scrutiny. While immeasurably valuable as a means, the scientific understanding of art can never become the end of knowledge. As was finely said by Professor Blackie: "Not from any fingering induction of external details, but from the inspiration of the Almighty, cometh all true understanding in matters of beauty. All high art comes directly from within, and its laws are not to be proved by any external collection of facts but by the emphatic assertion of the divine vitality from which they proceed."

To close with a definition of criticism from the standpoint of democratic æsthetics it may be asserted (1) the effects of beauty depend upon the presentation of that which stimu-

lates, within the limits of pleasurable action, any or all of the faculties of being, the senses, the intellect, the emotions, the imagination, and the will. (2) Criticism is the statement of an effect, or the wording of the result of the vital contact of a work of art upon an energizing personality.

Democratic criticism includes in its scope both the objective and the subjective. It takes account of the medium in space and time and also of the subjective response. It requires personal absorption. It permits the fullest play of those vital associations which are different in every person. The end of its work is not "good taste," not knowledge, but life and character.

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BODLEY'S FRANCE.

EVERY one is familiar with the story of the visitor to Paris who, on asking a bookseller for a copy of the French Constitution, was informed by the proprietor of the shop that he did not sell periodicals. The anecdote illustrates very forcibly the tortuous course French institutions have taken since that mighty explosion of more than a century ago tore the ship of state from her ancient moorings and drove her aimlessly and helplessly on the tempestuous seas of political experiment. And as yet no safe haven appears to have been found. An evil genius seems to follow in the wake of every tentative effort to restore the orderly administration of justice under all conceivable forms of government until the word "despair" is writ large on almost every intellectual product of this naturally methodical and happy people. Where lies the seat of the trouble? Is it the fickleness of the race? Is it a childish incapacity that requires a strong arm to support and guide it? Or was the Revolution, perchance, too violent to permit an early return to normal conditions? Whatever explanation may be offered to account for the vagaries of French history during the past hundred years and more, France and her people will always inspire the interest of the world; for the influences that have radiated from their polished capital have penetrated every domain of human thought and action, and will live until the end of time. But, aside from the universal potency of those influences, Gallic traditions and experiments possess in themselves an interest and value of unsurpassed importance to every believer in the virtue of well-conceived and well-executed ideas of republican government. To Americans France has ever appealed in numerous ways, not only because of the friendship so munificently extended us at a most critical period in our history, but also on account of the natural

¹ By J. E. Courtney Bodley. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 346, 504. London and New York: The Macmillan Company, 1898.

sympathy we feel for a people who, like ourselves, have discarded worn-out conceptions of government, and confidently extended to the multitude rights and duties formerly enjoyed exclusively by the few.

Naturally a country like France, whose history is so replete with dramatic events and violent catastrophes, has been the favorite theme of all sorts of writers, but their views are often as conflicting and contradictory as the habits of the people they attempt to describe. Reactionaries, for example, are prone to look upon republican France as hopelessly insane and in need of a strait-jacket; the conservatives point the finger of scorn to this awful illustration of the anarchy that is sure to attend every effort made by a people to govern themselves; while writers with democratic leanings are often disposed to close their eyes to the worst exhibitions of popular government. What many of these writers have failed to do has been to view French history as a whole, assigning to their proper sources those institutions by which the people of France imagine they are governed to-day. That such a plan would involve the nicest balancing of evidence goes without the saying, for much of the political machinery of this remarkable people has been the result of revolution rather than of evolution. Of institutional writers on France there are, of course, a host, both native and alien. Among the former one instinctively thinks of Fustel de Coulanges, whose monumental work treats largely of the beginnings of French history. Of no less value in many respects are the well-known writings of Taine, Guizot, and Duruy, now accessible to every one through translations; and more comprehensive, but more technical as well, are the volumes of Block, Ducrocq, Chéruel, Franceschi, and Villenauve.

The German language also contains numerous publications descriptive of contemporary France, notably Lebon's article in Marquardsen's Handbook and Hillebrand's account of France and the French, now translated into English. Original contributions to the same subject have many times appeared in English, and it is scarcely necessary to do

more than mention in this connection the names of Young, Wenzel, Stephen, and Edwards. These various works, however, are for the most part either inaccessible to the majority of readers, or are of so technical a nature as to repel many readers other than specialists. At the same time, the want of a treatise on France, at once philosophical and interesting, has been long felt, if not expressed. Mr. Bodley's volumes have, therefore, appeared most opportunely, and place within reach of every one not only a singularly lucid and acute exposition of French institutions, but also the results of the work of a patient scholar in a field of unusual interest and importance. Mr. Bodley's work has been compared with the studies of Tocqueville and Bryce; but it is certainly less dry than the justly famous production of the latter, and at the same time contains few of those dangerous predictions which mar the otherwise brilliant contribution to political science furnished by the accomplished Frenchman.

Our author's thesis is the failure of parliamentary government in France, and whether we agree with him or not—and we often find ourselves agreeing with him in spite of ourselves—he certainly makes out a strong case against the suitability of the French genius to anything approaching those time-honored principles English-speaking peoples designate by the expression "local self-government." The first volume is divided into two books, entitled respectively the "French Revolution and Modern France" and the "Constitution and the Chief of the State." Considerable space is devoted to the historical aspects of the Revolution, whose legend is traced through its various forms until it finally met its death at the hands of Taine in his "*Origines de la France Contemporaine*"—a work Mr. Bodley regards as epoch-making, because to it more than to any other book may be attributed the change of mental attitude in France toward the Revolution. The chief effects of the French Revolution on modern France after a hundred years are thus summed up by Mr. Bodley: "There is the great tangible result, the machine of administrative government con-

structed by Napoleon, and there is the psychological or moral result of a people which has never yet found a political government to soothe and weld together the elements unsettled by the great upheaval. For the rest, the Revolution is not responsible for half of the good or of the evil attributed to it. . . . The best that can be said of the French Revolution is that, just when civilization was on the point of making history colorless, it burst forth, and produced for the student and the artist a collection of pictures and documents thrilling and pathetic, grandiose and revolting, such as no epoch of antiquity or of modern times has supplied. But to provide intellectual pleasure for the cultivated it was hardly worth while that millions of the human race should have lamentably perished before their time."

Other chapters of the first book trace the fate of those principles of the First Republic displayed in the device "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Toleration appears to be almost unknown in France, and the State interferes in numberless ways from the naming of a child to the testamentary disposition of property. The anticlerical sectaries, moreover, withhold all semblance of freedom from public officials. It is, for example, an unwritten law that the President must not publicly mention the name of God, while attendance at church is calculated to bring an office-holder into bad repute. In case such a one should be foolish enough to own a prayer book or permit his daughter to sing in the choir, he runs the risk of being attacked through the newspapers and dismissed from office. Mr. Bodley declares that unhappily this tyranny of free thought is often retaliation for clerical intolerance in the past. At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that the free-thinking sectarians confine their attacks to the Roman Catholic Church. They attack all who adhere to any form of religious belief. There are numerous other limitations on private liberty, not the least of which is the outrageous manner in which persons suspected of crime are treated. Liberty appears to exist in name only; and if we are to judge of French criminal procedure by the Zola trial, France

does not essentially differ in this respect from Russia. Contemporary facts equally belie the boasted principles of equality and fraternity with the symbols of which the buildings and walls of France are decorated. Plutocracy is on the increase, titles are bought and sold, and the worst enemies of the French are their own brethren.

In describing the political machinery of the State, Mr. Bodley calls attention to the power and lack of power of the President. It is noteworthy that all the Presidents of the Third Republic have abdicated before the expiration of the seven years' tenure of office save one, and he was assassinated. The tendency of the French, moreover, to classify each individual President is regarded as proof that it is contrary to the instincts of the nation to regard the executive as an impersonal figure. President Faure is no exception to this rule. A business man of Havre, with no tradition connected with his name, he was no sooner elected than the press and public duly invested him with a legend. The following excerpt from Mr. Bodley's work is, therefore, very significant: "The provincial origin of his [M. Faure's] family provoked comparisons with that of M. Thiers; spirited controversies arose as to the precise site of his modest birthplace in an industrial quarter of the capital; his suburban schoolmaster was made the subject of monographs; his practical method of learning the trade of a fellmonger produced the myth that he had begun life as a journeyman tanner, and portraits of a needlessly stained workman were rapturously circulated; while for the satisfaction of the prosperous classes, and to show how fitted he was to impress foreign potentates with the amenity of France, anecdotes were related of his sporting prowess in Hungary, where his affability had inspired an innkeeper to foretell a brilliant future for him. In fact, all the lore that is formed around a dynasty was made ready, as though this respectable merchant of Havre were a new Bonaparte."

The two books into which our author's second volume is divided are devoted respectively to "The Parliamentary System" and "Political Parties." Prefacing his remarks

on these important features of the French constitution with a scholarly dissertation on the general subject of legislative bodies, Mr. Bodley incidentally refers to the long struggle between the advocates of a bicameral and a single-chamber system. Finally, the Senate or Upper House was adopted with many features of its transatlantic prototype, and it may be remarked in passing that this body has unfortunately exhibited the same symptoms of decadence its American model shows. The Senate of France is designed, in large measure, to represent the communes; but of course religious bodies are unrepresented in it, a fact Mr. Bodley apparently regrets. Our author next discusses the manner of conducting elections in France, contrasting their cheapness with the heavy expenses caused by English elections, although manhood suffrage in France causes the voters of that country far to outnumber the voters of England. The Chamber of Deputies—the popular house of the French Assembly—is then described at considerable length, together with parliamentary procedure and practice. The ministerial system is also examined, and an entire chapter devoted to the uninviting subject of corruption under the Republic.

Mr. Bodley's concluding chapters are devoted to the very interesting subject of political parties in France, of which there seems to be no end. Every section of public opinion appears to organize itself into a group, from the royalists to the socialists. Since the Revolution, rise and fall of governments have simply reflected the varying whims of the people. It is encouraging, however, to find that Mr. Bodley defends universal suffrage; and that he by no means attributes the failure of parliamentary government to that source. He is disposed to think that Napoleon's idea of a centralized administration is more in keeping with the needs and instincts of France than mere imitation of the English constitution. This of course does not necessarily imply that the Republic is a failure, but rather indicates the folly of expecting the same form of government to suit all peoples at all times, regardless of racial differences.

B. J. RAMAGE.

LA CALPRENÈDE AND SCUDÉRY.

THE twenty-five years from 1640 to 1665 show not so much new tendencies in French fiction as the development or new combination of those that had already appeared either apart or in a more primitive stage. The most noted writers, those that appealed to the social circle most in view, had been and are still the idealists, and they carry the heroic historic romance to the utmost verge of preciosity. La Calprenède and Scudéry do better all or nearly all that Gombauld, La Serre, Gerzan, and Gomberville had attempted. They even toy a little with psychology and politics, reminding us that they have not forgotten the existence of Barclay and of Maréchal. As for religion, they prudently left Camus in unchallenged solitude, for they no doubt felt what Boileau was even then saying, that the terrible mysteries of the Christian faith were unsuited to literary adornment, and these euphuists were quite determined to touch nothing that they could not adorn after their fashion.

La Calprenède and Madeleine de Scudéry are the writers most in view during this period, but the realists were perhaps as popular then, in a less prominent social circle, and they certainly are more readable to-day. While it may be rash to say of any novels two centuries and a half old that they are still read by any great number of people, yet I surmise that, except for one notorious passage in "Clélie," treating of the geography of Tenderland, Sorel's "Polyandre" has five readers, Bergerac's marvelous journeys ten, and Scarron's "Roman Comique" fifty for every one that still essays to read the huge bulk of those idealistic novels in four, five, six--yes, eight--thousand pages, the titles of which are familiar to all students and their contents to very few. It is the function of the critic to seek to restore each group to its due place in the evolution of the *genre* and to judge both classes rather by their historical effect, by the contribution made by each to the gradual disengaging of the idea of the modern

novel as it first appears in the next century than by their actual merits as gauged by present standards.

La Calprenède has been called a typical Gascon, and though he was not precisely that by nativity, for he was born at Tolgou in Quercy (1609-10) he was so by nature and by education. A noble by birth, frank and free, overbold sometimes, with a self-confident bravado in his speech and a somewhat too enterprising gallantry in his manner, he became officer in the guards and royal chamberlain, made a rich but not a very congenial marriage with a famous *précieuse*, herself an author, and died from two accidents, each the result of his effervescing vivacity. Obviously we may believe such a man literally when he tells us repeatedly, as for instance in the preface to his "Faramond," or in the epistle to the second part of "Cassandre," that he "writes solely for his diversion," to please himself, not to adapt himself to the taste of the time. Such a man is not likely to be influenced materially by his contemporaries, and so we are justified in treating his work of twenty years as a unit.

La Calprenède's literary career begins with a tragedy, the "Death of Mithridates," acted in 1635. This was succeeded by seven other dramas before the appearance of the first volume of "Cassandre," and by two after that date. These ten plays are in the style of Corneille, and are by no means without merit, though they were cast in the shade by the transcendent genius of his great contemporary. They were in their day quite popular, and left their mark on his fiction both in dramatic scenes and in forcible dialogue. The ten volumes of "Cassandre," his first novel, were three years in publication, a task undertaken by an eager syndicate of all the principal publishers of romance. It counts five thousand four hundred and eighty-three pages and is not signed. Its popularity was such that the first volumes were twice reprinted before the completion of the last, while the whole immense work was also twice reprinted during the author's lifetime (1650-54) and once shortly after his death (1667). In 1731 still another edition was called for, and the interest justified the printing of a condensation in

three volumes in 1752. Although, as the author himself admits at the close of the tenth volume, "a rather long-winded work," there is no lack of evidence of its immediate and wide popularity, both direct in the praise of noteworthy people and indirect in the satire and criticism that it provoked. But as it shared its success and its qualities with "*Cléopâtre*" and "*Faramond*," it is most convenient to give some account of the novels themselves before speaking of the characteristics or the influence of their author on the taste and writings of his time.

The scene of "*Cassandre*" is Babylon, the time that of Alexander, the subject the love of Statira, the daughter of Darius, who masquerades also as *Cassandre*, whence the title of the novel, for a Syrian prince, Oroondate, though of course there are several minor plots and the novel closes with six nuptials or betrothals. It purports to be a historical novel, and *La Calprenède* is disposed to stress the point even so far as to enumerate and to defend his deviations from the story as he found it in Quintus Curtius and in Plutarch. He therefore made less use of allusions to his own contemporaries than his predecessors had done, and even the dedication to a certain Calliste seems to be rather to some "not impossible she" of his imagination than to any lady of the regency of Anne. Ségrais, writing toward the close of the century, says that "*La Calprenède* took the principal intrigues of his '*Cassandre*' from the '*Negropontic History of Monsieur de Boissat, of the French Academy.*'" This book, he adds, was very rare even in that day, and it has now wholly disappeared. It is clear enough, however that *La Calprenède* read the classics, partly at least in the original, and elected from each without criticism what suited his purpose, preferring in the main the highly colored narrative of Curtius to those of his more sober fellows. *La Calprenède* did not, as some French critics have said, go about writing a historical novel without knowledge. What he did lack was historic comprehension and historic perspective. "Like a genuine son of his age," in the words of Körting, "full of sentimental feeling, he puts himself con-

stantly on the side of the conquered, he finds a greater poetic interest in the fall and grief of the Oriental royal house than in the triumph of a true man and a fresh, strong people." He never got beneath the surface of history nor saw wherein the true greatness of Alexander lay. He was too much under the spell of Louis XIV. ever to see that; and so the changes in the tradition which he thinks embellishments will often seem to us strange aberrations. But this is only to say that he was of the so-called *grand siècle*, none of whose great men seem to have had the sense of historical or of ethical perspective, but, for that very reason, his work for its very unconscious frankness is doubly welcome to the student of the thought and social life of his time; for that which separates the Alexander and his generals as they appear in history from the Alexander and the generals of the "Cassandre" is specifically French and characteristic of the intellectual life and ideals of the seventeenth century. I cannot, of course, show this in detail here; but this letter of Alexander to Cassandre, from the first part of the fourth book will, I think, indicate what I mean. Imagine the Alexander of history inditing (that is the proper word) this *billet gallant* to the captive princess of Darius' household:

The conqueror of yours suffers himself to be conquered by you alone, and you alone can accomplish what all Asia has in vain essayed. I lay down my arms, fair princess, and glory more in my defeat than I did in all my victories. But do not employ with cruelty the dominion you have obtained with justice, nor treat as enemy him who declares himself your slave.

And if this does not suffice, imagine if you can a Persian woman of that day, even though she did essay to touch various chords of political influence, writing in this fashion a letter headed "Hôtel Rambouillet:"

The position to which I am reduced has so little connection with that you accord to me that it is with difficulty that I maintain both one and the other. You are still unconquered, you will be ever unconquerable, unless you be so by other weapons than mine. The misfortune of our family, having left me eyes only to mourn its downfall, does not suffer me to use them for another end, nor to regard as other than my conqueror and my master him of whom I am truly the captive Statira.

One might multiply such passages indefinitely, but surely it is not necessary. An author who is capable of this in a historical novel is capable of anything, and there is no need of any apology on his part for "alterations in some obscure portions of history." "Cassandre's" great value and perennial interest is not its history but its revelation of adolescent preciosity.

Very much the same might be said in general of Cleopatra, the fair Egyptian, who, as it may be well to state here, since all French writers on literary history do not seem to have discovered it, is not the Cleopatra of Shakspeare, but her daughter. This novel, whose twelve volumes began to appear in 1647, was dedicated to the great Condé, a patron and eager reader of *La Calprenède*, who tells in his letters how even when facing the enemy in the trenches he beguiled his intervals of rest with the volumes of "Cassandre," for which he even sacrificed at times his night's repose. The treatment of historical authority is much the same as before. Plutarch, Tacitus, Suetonius, Valerius Paterculus, were all habitually consulted, as well as Josephus, for incidents in the life of Tyriade, and, according to *La Calprenède's* own statement, sundry Christian historians, though it does not appear who are intended. As before, the tale ends with multiplex marriages of couples who live in happiness and wealth ever after. Only once has the author strained sentiment to the breaking point, letting Tyriade die literally of grief at the execution of his beloved Mariamne. (B. 5, ch. 4.)

In "Faramond," which most French writers seem to conspire to misspell "Pharamond," contrary both to fact and etymology, *La Calprenède* shifts his scene to Gaul, and so is the first in France to attempt the national historical novel. The aim was good; but though the sudden death of the author left the work at its seventh volume, and hence probably but little more than half finished, it lay in the nature both of the man and of the time that he could have brought his attempt to no satisfactory conclusion. It is interesting to note in this connection that he seems to have left no memoranda,

sketches, or hints of his intentions. This is the more remarkable as all his novels are much better proportioned and constructed than those of his predecessors. That La Calprenède could have done what he did without working out in advance a carefully elaborated scheme is a remarkable testimony to his abilities as a narrator. The work was continued, and quite in La Calprenède's spirit, by Vaumorière; but it seems to have met with only partial success, and, indeed, was not brought to a close even with its twelfth and last volume in 1670.

We may pause a moment here to note an interesting fact connected with "Faramond" and the book trade. It has always been a curious matter of speculation to me how with the prevailing prices of paper and types and the cumbersome processes of printing, such long-winded works as Gomberville's and La Calprenède's could be made to pay. In the case of "Faramond" the question takes a more concrete form. We learn that the initial cost of putting La Calprenède's part of this work on the market was 20,000 livres, and that it was in the hope of recouping this that the publishing syndicate induced Vaumorière to undertake the continuation, a hope in which they seem to have been disappointed. It must, however, be remembered, on the other hand, that, though the works published were long and of necessity expensive, there were comparatively few of them, the entire output of the century being probably less than that of the last five years, at least in the field of fiction.

The chief fault of "Faramond or the History of France" is the interpenetration of antique or supposed antique matter with the modern spirit. Louis XIV. is never absent from the mind of the author of "Faramond." Not only in the dedication but throughout the work, by means of druids and prophets, he pours upon the king the most fulsome praise, and in accord with this state of mind, so natural to his generation, he makes Faramond "the state" in much the sense that Louis liked to regard himself as such. The novel was, therefore, a national one in no such sense as we understand that title to-day. Neither the seventeenth nor the eighteenth

century was capable of such a conception of historical fiction as we see it first in Chateaubriand's "Martyrs."

The story itself is perhaps as well told as the preceding, and the writer allows his fancy a freer flight in it. But this is not always an advantage, for in its essence the whole fiction of *La Calprenède*, in a greater degree than that of any of his predecessors save Barclay, is a product of classical culture. Now the effect of this culture during the preceding century, in Ronsard and in Rabelais for instance, had been to stimulate the free play of the imagination; but in the seventeenth century the effect had been to hedge art around with rules and to reduce it to system, to study the processes of the ancients rather than their spirit, and then to attempt to put the new wine of modern life into the old Greek and Roman bottles. Mingling the often morbid charm of the Italian renaissance with the severity of Greek art, the heroism of the past which they dimly apprehended with the artificiality of Versailles which they honestly admired, they produced a sort of hermaphrodite creation, the heroic-gallant novel, in which the spacious stride of an Alexander should be reduced to the mincing step of a *talon rouge* and the half-savage companions of Faramond should talk and feel like courtiers at a *petite levée*.

Yet these reserves must not blind us to the very considerable advance in the art of novel writing that is marked by *La Calprenède*'s fiction. He is perhaps the first in name who has and knows that he has a definite purpose in his mind and a definite plan always before him. So thoroughly aware is he of this and also that it is an innovation that may escape a reader unaccustomed to expect it, that he takes occasion in an epistolary preface to the fourth part of "Cléopâtre" to remind you that "if you will take the trouble, in the parts that follow, to consider the disposition of the whole work you will find there more art and method perhaps than you expected. The subject, quite wide and ample in itself, aided by a little invention [he means his 'embellishment' of history] will afford quite a number of stories in which all the chief characters of whom we may

speak may enter with much probability; and if in disentangling them from many so diverse adventures you will note the texture of the whole work, you will see that all the threads occupy their own place and compose the piece with a defined order that is perhaps not usual."

In this La Calprenède's complacency was quite justified. Urfé had been as artistic, Gomberville as original, but neither had comprehended the art of composition as did La Calprenède. With him we have an end of the idea that the closest connection required by the episodes of a novel might be the binder's thread that tied them together. In La Calprenède, then, we have an attempt, somewhat timid and incomplete, but still an attempt, to apply to the novel the Aristotelian unity of action, as the dramatists of Corneille's generation comprehended that teaching, and to lay hold on this truth was to fix the first corner stone of the novelistic *genre*. That La Calprenède did this, or could do it, resulted, we cannot doubt, from his eight years' experience in the writing of classical tragedy. It was not for nothing that from 1635 to 1642 he had been the principal rival of Corneille, though of course not for a moment to be compared to that great genius. The practice of play writing is very clearly marked in his search for dramatic situations and effective closing scenes to the books of his novels, as though he conceived them as so many acts, and it was no doubt also to the discipline of the rules then paramount in the drama that we owe another less essential innovation looking toward a stricter unity of place. He has sometimes made considerable sacrifice of probability to secure an apparent uniformity of scene; and, lest we should not notice it, he calls the reader's attention especially to the design he has formed of not quitting the place in which his novel opens, except of course for the episodes which thus gain a certain artistic excuse for being. Each of his three novels has a central point of action and a wider sphere around it. In "Cassandre" it is the bank of the Euphrates, with Polemon's house for the central point; in "Cléopâtre" it is Tyriade's house, with Alexandria and environs as the wider sphere; and in "Fara-

mond" it is the Rhine Plain near Cologne and the tent of Rosemonde. No wonder such a man was anxious to disclaim the association of his work with the "Amadis" or the prankish fancies of Gomberville, where, as he says impatiently, "there is neither probability nor perspicacity nor chronology," though that La Calprenède should not altogether cast off the old man, but still retain many traces of the manner and ideal of his predecessors, was natural and, indeed, inevitable.

Direct imitation there is little or none, but La Calprenède was, like them, a child of his time; and his treatment of love, "sole instigator of great deeds" he calls it, is of the thoroughly artificial *précieux* type, a consistent and willful falsification of any relation of the sexes that ever did exist, or ever can or should exist in a rational world. In their cloud-cuckoo-towns it was a less serious matter. With these historic-heroic-gallant novels we feel first how nonsensical it is to conceive an ideal of womanhood toward which rapturous adoration is a duty, and love, to use Calprenède's own word, an "outrage." Here is the ideal woman as the Hôtel Rambouillet conceived her and as La Calprenède has ventured to place her in Faramond's camp and day.

"She should have a heart raised above fortune, but exalted without pride and by the true grandeur of her soul, an extraordinary piety toward heaven, an admirable gentleness in her manners, a marvelous eloquence in her conversation accompanied by a knowledge of the best literature (alas, poor Faramond!) and a prodigious faculty of speaking and writing in many languages and in verse as well as in prose, a regularity full of wisdom in her conduct, with moderation, and in short all the fair marks of a steadfast and veritable virtue." Of course with such a woman there is nothing left for the ordinary man but to seek admission to her graces as *esclave*. The more hopeless his love, the more honor to him and to her. Her *gloire* (as Corneille might have said) is in her whimsicality. Her yielding is measured by little mincing steps that suggest the fractions of a vernier scale. The hero may perhaps kiss her hand in the third

volume, write to her in the sixth, see her and her confidante without the presence of his own squire in the ninth, but he shall not be rid of the confidante till she gives her mistress away at the altar in the twelfth. Indeed, one wonders whether lady and maid can even then be separated, so accustomed have we become to seeing them together at home and abroad, in perils of fire and shipwreck, of prison and the sword.

Of course all this is artificial prudery, and almost as surely it implies a corrupt and hypocritical society for its readers. It is just the sort of soil for the poison plants of the eighteenth century to grow in. Madame de Maintenon is the legitimate parent of Madame du Barry. But it is only fair to La Calprenède to say that he has no trace of an affected religiosity, and that like Urfé's Hylas, he could not resist showing now and then that he chafed at this conventional lying. That this noble officer knew it was a lie was a matter of course. That it chafed him was not unnatural. What is most interesting as indicating the vitiated taste of his readers is the timidity with which he ventures now and then to hint that the relations of men and women can be other than platonic. There is in some of his episodes of men disguised as women an extremely disagreeable foretaste of the snickering of Duclos, Crébillon *fils* and Louvet. He got the idea, the purpose of which I need not say is to allow the hero to inspect Actëonlike the charms of the heroine, from Urfé. It is almost pathetic to contrast the animal delight that Balzac takes in a similar situation with the "fearful joy" that La Calprenède snatches from the forbidden fruit, for instance in "Faramond" (v. 1) or with the closing paraphrases of Astiage ("Cassandre," I. i. 315), who explains how love can be perfect and yet not speculative nor "fed alone on those chimeras that content the imagination of hollow melancholy spirits." It is pitiful yet amusing to watch La Calprenède thus treating a subject that he likes, that he knows his readers like, and yet knowing all the time that his present fame and fortune depend on the fashion of preciosity, and feeling at each moment that they will think it necessary to

put away the book with a blushing "fie." Such passages, disagreeable as they may be in themselves, are of considerable historical value. They teach us not to be the dupes of the morality of sentiment any more than we are of the temperance of prohibition. They justify the caustic satire of Sorel and of Molière, and of all the champions of human nature and common sense against this over-dainty conventionality, which of course in some other ways had its use and its justification.

Less excusable than thus to join the chorus of euphuistic passion, is *La Calprenède's* adoption of some hackneyed devices of his predecessors. Jousts and single combats are described with a minute detail that is at first amusing for its ludicrous anachronism, but ends by becoming monotonous for its frequent iteration. The whole "business," to use a stage term, is borrowed bodily from the family of "*Amadis*;" and so, too, the Greek romances furnish him with dreams and prophecies in place of the clumsier magic of the romances of chivalry, with both of which it was high time to dispense entirely.

These regrettable concessions to a received tradition and an unfortunate taste are atoned in *La Calprenède* by a striking feeling for natural beauty which I should rank among his claims to consideration in the evolution of the novel as second only to his innovations in novelistic construction. Of course here again he is conditioned by his environment. It is nature as arranged by the artist, the avenue under intertwining branches, the arbor, the garden *à la Versailles* with its fountains and statues, that arouses in his men and women a responsive echo. But he is among the first to feel that nature may not only accord with sentiment but attune sentiment into accord with herself. His descriptions of gardens and the like are, to be sure, too detailed and systematic, though they do not rival his portraits of women, which are like passports in the regular schematic fashion in which they state always in nearly the same order and with nearly the same phrases, first the bearing, then the gait, then the complexion, the eyes, mouth, teeth, hair, shoulders, and hands. There

is little or no attempt at individualization either in appearance, speech, or character among these puppets of circumstance, and hence there is no reason to search curiously for allusions to contemporary characters, though of course Faramond is Louis XIV., and it is probable that La Calprenède intended to compliment Condé in the Coriolanus of his "Cléopatre." In general his men are better and more firmly drawn than his women, and somewhat less given to that mania for fine phrases that mars for modern readers the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Occasionally, too, we find an episode that suggests, though it does not realize, a psychological situation, such as was to form the background and kernel of the novels of Madame de Lafayette, and in this he seems superior to his great contemporary and rival, Madeleine de Scudéry. The fourth book of "Cassandre," chapter ii. 6, and the close of "Cléopatre" are the most favorable instances of this power, and perhaps also sufficiently characteristic of his style at its best, a graceful, easy, pure French, often sonorous yet seldom ringing hollow. He makes few points, has few daring figures and no brilliant descriptions, but Madame de Sévigné is surely too severe when she says, "La Calprenède's style is cursed in a thousand places with great romantic periods and ill-sounding words;" for she herself adds, "I let myself be caught in it as with birdlime. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, the grandeur of the events, and the success of those redoubtable swords carry me away as though I were a little girl." (Letter of December 22, 1675.) One may note in passing that as originally printed the books of "Cassandre" and "Cléopatre" and "Faramond" were without any division whatever, the pauses being suggested rather than marked by epic repetitions.

The success of La Calprenède's work quite cast in the shade all that had gone before. La Fontaine, writing in 1667 after the triumphs of Scudéry, thought that "Cassandre" and "Cléopatre" were still to be reckoned among the *beaux premiers*. The elder Crébillon read them constantly, as both himself and his dramas testify. Rousseau says that only the

heroes of Plutarch were able to expel those of La Calprenède from his heart, and then not so wholly that he did not deign to copy a scene from "Cassandre" (I., 1. 3) in the "New Héloïse" where Julie, sick with the smallpox and half awake, sees Saint-Preux approach her bedside that he may share the plague with his lover. "Cassandre," always the most popular of the three novels, received the honor of a parody as late as 1735, of an Italian translation in 1652, and of a German one in 1689. It was done into Dutch also. In England "Cléopâtre" may have been the greater favorite. Three English dramas of the so-called French school are based on it and on "Faramond." Indeed, if priority be taken as a factor in excellence, it is not impossible that La Calprenède is the most significant, if not the best, of the idealist novelists of the century.

The only novelist who could possibly contest that rank with him is Madeleine de Scudéry, who published her first significant novel, "Ibrahim," a year before La Calprenède's "Cassandre," her "Grand Cyrus" during the heyday of his success, and her "Clélie" nearly contemporaneously with "Faramond." Her work that followed La Calprenède's death is without material significance, for like La Calprenède's, it was not influenced by the progress of letters, or by the example of others, or by any internal development. Where she did modify her work it was in the interests of peace, preferring the unpretentious mediocrity of "Almahide" to the bitterly contested success of "Clélie." Her novels, therefore, though they stretch from 1641 to 1697, may be treated together, without regard to the intervening and important work of the realists Sorel and Scarron, or of Bergerac, that might have influenced her but did not. Her relation to La Calprenède is close, but probably less the result of conscious imitation than of like environment and demands. "Cassandre" and the "Grand Cyrus" are both Persian in scene and alike in general character. So, too, "Cléopâtre" and "Clélie" are both Roman stories, and both writers appeal to the literary aspirations of their *précieux* circle by introducing into their novels the poets of antiquity.

They have many other points of contact and some of contrast which will, however, appear after such an examination as our limits allow of this most genial woman and her work.

Madeleine de Scudéry, like La Calprenède, was of noble birth, though in somewhat straitened circumstances until her pen brought her profit and pensions from three kingdoms (France, England, and Sweden). She had a brother George, who at first succeeded in appropriating all of her fame and much of her income, and, if we may trust the report of the time, is said in the early years of her literary activity to have locked his sister up at intervals to compel a more unremitting production. He was himself an author as well as soldier, and seems to have shared in the planning of her novels, contributing occasionally a battle scene, usually the preface and dedication of the volume, and always the author's name, until for very shame he suffered the volumes to appear anonymously after his sister's talent had become notorious through her Parisian *salon*.

To Paris George (1601-1667) and his sister (1608-1701) came in 1630. Here she very soon gathered around her one of the most distinguished groups of *précieux* and remained until her death an object of esteem and honor throughout Europe. Paris at this time seems to have counted many such literary clubs, *ruelles* they called the more aristocratic circles, *re-duits* the less distinguished resorts of the *précieuses ridicules*, but among them all Somaize, in his dictionary of the *précieuses*, distinguishes four, those of the ex-Madame La Calprenède, of Madame de Lafayette, of the future Madame de Maintenon, and first on his list and doubtless in the social world the *salon* at the corner of the Rue de Beauce and the Rue des Oiseaux, where every Saturday there were gathered around Madeleine de Scudéry a group of kindred spirits for keen discussion and the sharpening of wits.

These *salons* or literary clubs contributed very essentially to the refining of manners and the constitution of polite society in France. Of course they had their ridiculous side, but Molière's play and Madeleine's own unfortunate "Map of Tenderland" have concentrated our attention upon this, to

the prejudice of the really noble aims of such as she. The subject is quite too wide to enter upon in this connection, but it is right to say that in the *précieux*, in the society of which Madeleine de Scudéry's novels are the precious and unrivaled picture, we have the origin of modern "society."

Personally Madeleine was a winning character, simple, honest, and above the breath of scandal, witty but faithful in friendship, and with no trace of coquetry. If she remained single, it was for no lack of suitors. Even those who opposed her literary tendencies were drawn by her winning nature. So Boileau suppressed till after her death the official publication of his "Dialogue sur les Héros," saying that he would not give annoyance to a lady who, if one might believe all who knew her, "had even more probity and honor than she had wit." Huet speaks of her as "as illustrious for her modesty as for her merit," and Somaize says that if he had consulted her natural modesty he should have "omitted all mention of the most illustrious of the *précieuses*." She wrote as she talked, with an easy flow of native wit. It may often seem as though the novels were written for the sake of the conversations, which now first take a very prominent place in fiction and are natural, though sometimes tedious, because Madeleine was a born conversationalist, *à longue haleine*. She was fond of her work just as she was fond of her *salon*, because both gave her the opportunity to express and to defend ideas that were by no means commonplace; for she was among the very first, as she remains among the most genial, of the advocates of the intellectual emancipation of women. In her "Clélie" may be found, at least in their germ, almost all the arguments that have been urged by the unquiet sex even in our own day. But her desire for the emancipation of women was, like all her desires, purely intellectual. She was no prude, like the Madelon of the *Précieuses Ridicules*; but sex with her seems to have been wholly cerebral, and it is perhaps because she never knew what we understand by the passion of love that she never described it. She did, indeed, call herself, and she has been called by others, the anato-

mist of the human heart; but, as the words suggest, she seems rather to be lecturing with a *papier-maché* dissected manikin than observing pulsations of life. She had read of love, perhaps seen it, but to her it was a purely intellectual interest. And as her interests are all intellectual so, too, were her pleasures and her sympathies. She was an aristocrat not only by birth but by instinct. She had no aspirations for political freedom, no curiosity, even literary, for the things of common life. Her friendships were strong and true but they were exclusive. She was optimistic because she willfully closed her eyes to the realities of life. But she must have been a very charming woman, and doubtless her charm as well as her sex and her social relations combined to give her a place in the history of the idealistic novel of the century that is somewhat more overshadowing than was her due. Still it is for her novels alone that she still claims notice in the history of literature, and to them alone we may direct our attention here.

"Ibrahim," her first novel, is said to have appeared in 1635, but we know of no edition earlier than 1641. The novel is comparatively short, counting only four octavo volumes. The date is the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent (1520-1566), and thus the most modern of the novels of the heroic-gallant type, its modernity being excused, like that of Racine's "*Bajazet*," by its remoteness. The subject is the love of Vizier Ibrahim for Isabelle, Princess of Monaco. But the sultan also loves her, and the sultan's sister loves him. There is much fierce cruelty in the book: Roxelane, the wicked sister, becomes a lunatic for rage and disappointed hate; her accomplice is torn to fragments by an enraged populace. But there are enough characters left to make a goodly row of happy pairs for the close, quite in the fashion of *La Calprenède*. It may be noted, by the way, that one of the episodes anticipates Cardinal de Retz's "*Conspiracy of Genoa*," probably from notes furnished by himself, for he was one of the intimates of her *salon*. But "*Ibrahim*" is peculiarly interesting because it inaugurated that taste for Turkish subjects that reached its comic climax in the

"Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and its tragic height in "Bajazet."

"Ibrahim" was twice reprinted during Madeleine's life, but it no doubt owed much of its continued interest to the far greater fame of "Artamène" or the "Grand Cyrus," the "Persiade" as the *précieux* used to call it, which in its first edition counts six thousand six hundred and seventy-nine large pages and is the longest novel of the period and so, probably, of the Western world. In spite, however, of this great length, its first volumes, like those of "Cassandre," were twice reprinted before the work was completed, and the whole ten six times in six years, with a reported profit to the publisher of 100,000 *écus*. Its ten volumes began to appear in 1649 and were completed in 1653, coinciding thus in time and reproducing in spirit somewhat of the effervescence of the Fronde, in which George de Scudéry bore an important part. It is probably no exaggeration to say that for the next thirty years the "Grand Cyrus" was known and read in all circles that aspired to literary or social refinement and admired in nearly all. The reason of this pre-eminence so universally accorded is that the book is one of the most perfect reflections that we know of a period and phase of culture, but it is not the period of Cyrus, son of Cambyses, but of Louis, "Roi Soleil." The story is, indeed, of very little consequence. It is obviously a mere framework for *précieux* conversations, descriptions, and reflections. The author's interest in the plot is so slight that she is even willing to help it on by the somewhat outworn device of an enchanted ring, and by drawing from the already shopworn stock of conventional deeds of prowess. Her main facts she got, as she herself says, from the "Cyropædia" and Herodotus, but she treated her material with far greater freedom than La Calprenède. He had intended to write a historical novel. She did not. She meant to draw a picture of *précieux* society in Paris in its aristocratic circle, reserving for a second novel, "Clélie," the bourgeois section of the new culture. She intended to paint the chief characters of that set, and she did so with such precision that a

printed key to them was soon in circulation. That she intended to paint herself in Sapho was a matter of common notoriety; Cyrus was Condé, Catherine de Rambouillet appeared as Arthenice, and Malherbe as Le grand Therpandre. The scenes of her story, too, are taken from contemporary life in considerable part, especially the sieges and battles, sometimes even in minute detail. Nowhere in French fiction had the effort to put new wine into old bottles been so persistent or so perversely ingenious.

But she was to outdo "Cyrus" and overreach herself in "Clélie," known to *précieux* circles as "La Romanie." This novel began to appear in 1654. The tenth volume closed the work in 1660. It is not so long as the "Cyrus," though it counts over eight thousand pages. The first volumes were reprinted three times during the publication, but the whole work only once during the century, a noteworthy indication of shifting taste.

Clélie is the daughter of a Roman exiled by Tarquin; Aronce, her lover, a son of Lars Porsenna. The scene opens in Carthage, but soon shifts to Capua and finally to Rome, where we hear much of Lucretia, Tarquin, Brutus, and the rest, at least by name, though not the least effort is made to preserve even probability in character, Lucretia for instance masquerading as a past mistress in *précieux* coquetry, whose death lies so wholly outside the realm of psychic probability that the story seems to have left the author as cold as it does the reader. But here too it is not the story that gives or ever gave interest to "Clélie." None of its seventy-three characters are Romans any more than those of "Cyrus" were Persians. They are painted from life, and themselves paint the life of the wealthy bourgeois who aspired to share in the culture of the aristocracy and partly attained their aspirations. Many of them were, no doubt, *précieuses ridicules*, some were of the type of Madame Scarron. Between the two groups in her birth was Madeleine de Scudéry, but her kindly spirit saw no subject for mockery even in the victims of Molière's satire. Of course these bourgeois portraits are less interesting to us because we do not know

or cannot recognize them. A number of the characters, however, belong to a higher sphere. The author has modestly introduced herself as Arricidie, her Clélie is Mlle. de Longueville. She has given in Damo an admirable sketch of Ninon de l'Enclos. Scarron and his wife appear as Scaurus and Liriane, Alcandre is the young Louis XIV., and Cléonime his finance minister, Fouquet, who comes in for much generous praise that, to the credit of the author, was not changed after its subject's disgrace. But surely the greatest sensation in "Clélie," the thing that stamped it as a "manual of gallantry" for that day, was the still famous *Carte de Tendre*, or "Map of Tenderland," though the general idea of an allegorical map was old, and this particular allegory belongs less to Madeleine de Scudéry than to Chapelain, while in its elaboration the whole circle collaborated. In the novel Clélie invents the map at the instigation of a friend, Herminius (*i. e.*, Pellisson) and her lover, Aronce, as a result of some *précieux* talk about the distance that separates New Friendship from Affection. "Few people know the map of this land," says Aronce. "Yet it is a journey that many would like to make," replies Herminius, "and it would be worth while to know the road that might lead to so agreeable a place; and if fair Clélie would do me the favor to teach me, I should owe her eternal obligation." "Perhaps you imagine," replied Clélie, "that there is only a little promenade from New Friendship to Affection, and so before you start on it I will promise to give you a map of that country which Aronce thinks has none." All the others desired copies, so Clélie set about it; but as the genesis of the map occupies twenty closely printed pages (i. 391-410), I can only suggest here its principal features. Tenderland, Clélie explains at much length, is watered by the river Inclination. If you descend this stream directly, you will find first on both banks the city of New Friendship. If then you go directly down the stream, you will soon come to the city Affection-on-Inclination. But if your goal is the safer though smaller city Affection-on-Esteem, you must take a slower route by land. Here on the right bank you will

find close to the stream the villages Wit, Pretty Verses, Gallant Note, and somewhat farther on your way Probity, Generosity, Exactitude, after which you will come to Respect and Kindness. Should you stray too far to the right, away from the River Inclination, you will lose yourself in such villages as Negligence, Incompatibility, Lukewarm, Frivolity, Flirtation, Sincere Esteem, Magnanimity; and if you go far enough, you may find Forgetfulness or even the lake of Indifference. But if you pursue your course, you will reach Affection-on-Esteem, which you cannot reach by the river of Inclination without entering the Dangerous Sea. If you start on the left bank, for Affection-on-Gratitude, your first danger is that at you will stray to Indiscretion, whence you may come easily to Perfidy, to the cliff Pride and the sea of Enmity. If you keep the truer way, you will pass through Complaisance, Submission, and Little Attentions, between which there is danger that you may be led aside to Scandal and even to Spite. If you avoid this bypath, you will come to Assiduity, Watchfulness, Great Services, Sensitiveness, Tenderness, and so presently to Obedience, Constant Friendship, and at last to the city of Affection-on-Gratitude. But if still unsatisfied, from any of the three Affections you may set sail with the heart for pilot, and, if you escape the hidden rocks and shoals of the Dangerous Sea, may come to what Clélie can only call in her prudent maidenhood an "unexplored land."

Madeleine de Scudéry never meant this for anything more than a play of fancy. She says so categorically in "Clélie" itself. But really it has been mocked quite too maliciously and thoughtlessly, for clearly enough it is a preliminary study to the psychological novel, an essay in the evolution of love as the *précieuses* understood it, and as Molière mocked it. So regarded, it is one of the most significant parts of her work and by no means the least meritorious. But "Clélie" as a whole is inferior to "Cyrus," because the contrast between our conception of the Roman character of the age of Brutus and Tarquin is in glaring contradiction with the mincing affectation of her personages. Boileau

was quite right when in his "Art Poétique" he warns his reader to "take care not to attribute, as in 'Clélie,' French manners and wit to ancient Italy, and, portraying ourselves under Roman names, to make Brutus gallant and Cato a dandy."

This was felt by others than Boileau. The success of "Clélie" was more that of scandal than of admiration. The public were from the first divided, and the amiable author, abandoning her semirealistic effort to paint modern society under the disguise of the historical novel, went back to the story of adventure for the story's sake and found in Spain the scene and subjects of two novels, "Almahide" and "Mathilde," the former, of 1660, never completed nor passing beyond a first edition; the latter, of 1667, reprinted twice after her death and twice in a German translation. Neither calls for special notice. The former is based on Hita's well-known "Civil Wars of Grenada;" the latter shows traces of wide reading in the authors of the Italian renaissance. Indeed, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and his Laura are introduced as characters in the story. It is not to these novels, however, that she owes, or ever owed, any part of her reputation. That rested from the first on her claim to represent the society of the "*grand siècle*." Just in proportion as that age and its ideals, literary and other, are admired or rejected, so the repute of Madeleine de Scudéry rises and falls, for she represented it, believed in it, and glorified it. From this point of view, to the student of society and of literature, she may be more important than La Calprenède; but if we consider the evolution of the novelistic *genre* alone, he is the greater novelist of the two. He has more invention, more fancy, and he has more of the story-teller's gift. She has more wit and a keener observation, but she keeps her story afloat by a succession of improbabilities or even magical impossibilities, and the psychology of the action in her novels is neither deeper nor more consistent than his. Indeed, so soon as her characters cease to be "portraits" they are inferior to the best men of La Calprenède, for instance to Honorius, Britomare, or Artaban. Her analysis of gallantry may be

more detailed, her analysis of love is not more profound. Her last novels, otherwise the least interesting, are in this regard the best. Their style is more restrained, the thread of the story is more closely held, and in the characters, especially the women, there is a more natural charm. But as in "Cyrus" and "Clélie" hers was the final flower of preciousness, so here her work is only the budding promise of what Madame de Lafayette was in large measure to realize. It has been suggested that this change was due to the biting satire of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and there is at least a coincidence in dates. That play appeared in 1659. Already in 1660 her tact had taught her that no new laurels were to be won in the field of idealized descriptions of an idealized society. Boileau's "Dialogue on the Heroes of Romance," circulating in manuscript since 1665, confirmed the impression. It was perhaps to this tactfulness that she owed the universal esteem in which she was held during the last forty years of her life even among persons of as diverse talent and taste as Racine and La Fontaine, Madame de Sévigné and Condé. But her novelistic day was past. For her interest in the dwellers in her Affection-on-Gratitude and Affection-on-Esteem the new taste substituted boldly the more dangerous but more intense interests of Affection-on-Inclination—that is, of love, with its triumphs and its tortures, as we understand it and as Racine understood it. "Soon," says Morillot, "a little story of two hundred pages, 'The Princess of Clèves,' will take the place of all the 'Cassandres' and all the 'Clélies.' Yet it is none the less true," and that I trust I have shown here, "that La Calprenède and Madeleine de Scudéry, with all their cumbersomeness, smoothed the way for this new art."

BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

IN RE IMPERIALISM.

I.

CAPTAIN MAHAN AND THE OUTLOOK.¹

UNLESS all the signs of the times prove to be misleading, certain contemporary movements in the politics of the world are destined to influence most profoundly not only the nations of Western civilization but the entire human race as well. Indeed, every observer of the present trend of events must be impressed by the fact that we are living in an age of transcendent interest and importance—an age probably the greatest the world has yet seen. To state these facts more compendiously, history is being made before our very eyes with startling rapidity; and never before was the expression—indeed, one may say the maxim—of the late Professor Freeman truer, that history is past politics and politics future history. Of course we do not mean to be understood as assenting, even by implication, to the burden of Professor Freeman's thesis; for, although politics occupies an important place in history, many other elements are surely to be recognized in the progress of humanity. How unfortunate, for example, would it be for us Americans were our future history to be our present politics! Seriously, however, we are bound to recognize certain great impulses which, taking their rise in the domain of politics, exert an undying influence on the human race. To such impulses may be traced very often the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of states, armed conflicts, the alterations of national boundaries, and the shifting of preponderating influence among the nations of the earth. Political agencies may also quicken or destroy the literary life of a people, to say nothing of their influence for good or ill on religious convictions and practices.

¹"The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future." By Capt. A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. 8vo. Pp. vi., 314. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1898.

The student of contemporary events is—to borrow a term of the biologists—studying history in embryo; and it makes very little difference whether those events portray the life of a commune, a state, or of the world. The process is precisely the same. He is, under such circumstances, simply studying objectively an organism the manifestations of whose life are pretty much the same whether they happen to be in a vestry meeting, a congress, or in a parliament of nations.

Interest in the present attitude of the powers centers largely in the fact that there are now in the world several empires each greater than Rome was in her palmy days, each imbued substantially with the same ideas of religion and civilization, and each bent on territorial aggrandizement, if not for political advancement, at least for the purpose of furthering the needs of commerce. Hence, in spite of its materialism, there is much wisdom in the saying attributed to the Italian statesman Crispi that the wars of the future are to be commercial rather than political. Under present circumstances we should accordingly not be surprised to find a general feeling of alarm—indeed, even of dismay—pervading diplomatic circles throughout the world; and the leading nations more or less actively engaged in preparing themselves for that general struggle whose dark shadows are even now stealing across more than one frontier. Naturally enough, the catastrophe toward which we appear to be hurrying is feared and deprecated by all who would fain see peace and good will lastingly established among men, but unfortunately indications are not wanting which tend to show that no human power can very much longer avert the threatened blow to international concord. It may be that from the point of view of organized humanity we are still in the age of feudalism, and that just as the modern state rose on the ruins of the discordant factions of the Middle Ages, so that world-state, long the dream alike of prophets and publicists, can come into existence only after our present warring elements shall have been swept away to make room for a higher form of life. Be that as it may, it is certainly far from encouraging to find that never before in human history

have so many men been employed in military and naval preparations as to-day. Why these preparations on land and sea? Why these long and earnest consultations in the council chambers? Why these illusive diplomatic nets which are already entangling the affairs of the world? Is any one inclined to fancy that these armies and navies will remain permanently inactive? or that the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy was formed for pacific objects? or that autocratic Russia and republican France constructed the dual alliance because of any inherent fondness for each other? Turn to our own country. What confronts us? A land where, since the day of Washington, isolation has been preached as a cardinal doctrine of political faith, suddenly finds itself swept by overmastering forces into the vortex of world-wide passions and, obedient to the instincts of self-preservation, forced to adopt a policy more in keeping with the altered conditions of the day.

To explain the phenomena thrust upon our attention by recent events many reasons may be advanced, and these will depend naturally upon the point of view of the person who may happen to advance them. That there are causes for them will be assumed, however, for few are disposed to urge that the events of this world occur haphazard or by chance. I am quite aware, for example, that there are some who attribute to the extraordinary advance of Russia much of the tension now prevailing in diplomatic circles; and, perhaps naturally enough, those afflicted with this form of Russophobia actually believe every move of that great country to be a covert attack on Great Britain. Then, again, there are not a few who will insist that the menacing clouds on the political horizon are the creation of that ambitious, though bizarre, young man who dreams of an empire worthy of the greatest of the Hohenzollern line. Many again, particularly in England, ascribe to envy of British growth and prosperity a continental union on whose banner is inscribed this legend of St. Petersburg, Paris, and Berlin: "Great Britain must be destroyed." None of these theories, however, can prove entirely satisfactory. The circle of the Tsar's interests may be

widening; Emperor William may be building air castles; and England, because of overweening conceit, or a flagrant disregard of the rights of others, may have alienated the support of a patient world rather than incurred its jealousy; but none of these facts can possibly explain the many grave problems now confronting the peace of the world. Barring Russia, it would unquestionably be nearer the mark to say that commercial rivalries arising from the modern industrial revolution and the system of protection with which we are so unfortunately familiar, have forced all progressive nations either to seek new markets in the less-developed portions of the world or to adopt a system of colonial expansion like that of Great Britain. Accordingly we see nowadays several powers contending for the possession of the same field which in times past would have been appropriated as a matter of course by the great mistress of the sea.

Modern inventions and discoveries, including the railway, the telegraph, and machinery of all kinds, have not only altered entirely the relations between employer and employed, but have also led, in all progressive countries, to an astonishing growth in wealth and population. To these social and economic changes add the fact that on all sides towns have sprung up as if by magic and cities are fast assuming dimensions well calculated to arouse disquieting forebodings, when, remembering their many grave problems, one realizes that there are now no limits to be set to the magnitude of these vast hives of humanity. Naturally enough, however, the wheels of modern industry in their tireless revolutions grind out more products than can possibly be consumed at home; so that new markets must be sought if industrial countries hope to escape general bankruptcy. For it is to be borne in mind that the bulk of the population in all growing countries is absolutely dependent upon factories and other forms of industry for a livelihood. To escape the stress of that keen competition fostered by modern conditions, we have treated free trade, the ideal of the average economist, as an empty dream, and adopted a system of so-called protection. Captain Mahan accordingly draws at-

tention very forcibly to the fact that this policy, in connection with the theory of isolation, has exercised a baleful influence on our development as a nation. We agree with this accomplished naval author, whose writings have attracted profound attention throughout Europe, that, while thus securing the home market, we have in a measure lost the market of the world, which cannot be secured by legislative enactments. Emigration, to be sure, has in large measure tended to check discontent among the masses whenever population has exhibited a tendency to press upon the means of subsistence; and this mode of escape from disheartening environments has been especially noticeable since the introduction of cheaper means of transportation. At the same time, continental powers have not viewed complacently the annual loss they have thus sustained in population, especially when the emigrants, through the liberal naturalization laws of the new world, quickly cast off all allegiance to the fatherland and became permanently incorporated into the body of American life. Having before them, therefore, the splendid example of Great Britain, under whose imperial policy colonial expansion has extended to the more distant parts of the earth, the rivals of Great Britain—particularly Germany, since her remarkable commercial development—are beginning to bestir themselves with the hope that they can at once furnish homes for their overcrowded population and markets for the excessive output of their industrial establishments. Behold, therefore, the troubles in Africa; the seizure of Madagascar; and, more recently still, the startling events in tottering China.

These facts, to say nothing of the results of our war with Spain, have brought us face to face with our foreign policy; and in Captain Mahan's book the reader will find this question discussed with a breadth of view and keenness of penetration which will go far toward disarming criticism. Our author's volume is, in fact, a "collection of detached papers," contributed at different intervals to the various magazines of the country; and, in spite of frequent repetition, never becomes tedious. The following titles of the eight

articles composing Captain Mahan's book will convey an idea of its range: "The United States Looking Outward," "Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power," "The Isthmus and Sea Power," "Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion," "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," "Preparedness for Naval War," "A Twentieth Century Outlook," "Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico."

Captain Mahan deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for having pointed out so clearly the duty of looking to distant markets, and the relation to them of our own immense powers of production, while a remarkable tribute to his wise observations concerning Hawaii, written more than five years ago, is furnished by the fact that the most convincing arguments in favor of the annexation of that Pacific group were drawn from his writings. There is, moreover, something prophetic about his utterances concerning the isthmus and sea power. The future of the world unquestionably belongs to the owners of the greatest battleships. Nor should it be forgotten that our entire navy has been rebuilt. These truths compel us to believe that for weal or for woe this nation has departed from her time-honored policy of isolation, to enter upon a new career of expansion. At the same time we must remember that the world is to-day smaller than ever before. We have been irresistibly drawn into the movements of Europe, for we are now part of Europe. Everything that affects the rest of the civilized world affects us.

This development of self-consciousness on the part of our country was slow and discouraging, but when it came the hearty and spontaneous outburst of sympathy which greeted it indicated plainly that the people were ahead of their government. Nevertheless this sudden awakening of a great nation to a realization of the fact that it is a member of the family of states, with certain great rights and duties, may be regarded as one of the most significant events of the departing century; for the irony of events has brought home to every normally constituted person the truth that, whether we like it or not, our country is destined to play a leading rôle

in international affairs. It is no longer a question of what we should do, for if the tragic events of this year, of such thrilling interest to us all, mean anything, they mean that we have not flinched when forced to decide whether we ought to continue a policy of selfish isolation or to adopt a line of conduct, in our external relations, more in harmony with the altered conditions of the day. The issue has been met and decided. In point of fact the same issue has already been often met and answered. It was met and answered when we purchased Louisiana, fought our second war of independence with Great Britain, annexed Texas, conquered Mexico, and added Alaska to our possessions. It is worthy of note that each step we took in our march across this continent was attended by a certain amount of opposition from those whom, for want of a better name, let us agree to call Little Americans. But Anglo-Saxon principles of growth triumphed then, as they have triumphed at all times; and we are to-day, in spite of captious objections, one of the empires of the earth.

At the outset we must grasp firmly the fact that, after years of doubt and uncertainty and strife, we have at last attained to nationality. Standing thus on the ruins of sectionalism, we are to remember the futility of adopting a foreign policy which shall prove good for all time; for a policy, being founded on calculation, expediency, and circumstances, must of necessity change with the shifting conditions of national and international life. We lay stress on this point not so much for the purpose of faulting Captain Mahan as to guard a casual reader against hasty deductions. What are we to do? In the first place, our country will at all hazards maintain the Monroe Doctrine according to its latest expanded interpretation. All south of us is our *hinterland*, and the islands of the adjacent seas come unquestionably within the sphere of our influence; and accordingly we must and shall resist every effort on the part of European states to acquire fresh possessions in this hemisphere. To maintain successfully this position we must put ourselves on a proper war footing, or, as Washington advised in his

Farewell Address, we must maintain suitable military establishments. Instead of provoking war, there is every reason for agreeing with the opinion of Captain Mahan that such preparations will make for peace, to say nothing of the uplifting influences they would exert in an age largely given over to excessive materialism. But, while every one will hope to see our army and navy made strong enough to ward off attack and punish an adversary promptly, no true American could wish his country to play the part of a swaggering bully bent on fighting the world. Then, again, it seems to be generally conceded that we must entirely reform our diplomatic service. The old idea that any one can act as consul or minister must be abandoned at once, for under modern conditions the gravest questions may arise at the smallest posts. All the consular offices should be governed by civil service rules; and members of this profession—if under our present system it can be called a profession—should be sufficiently compensated to show the rest of the world that this is an enlightened country. Proper attention to this most important branch of the civil service will increase largely our influence abroad; and our government may yet see the wisdom of emulating the example of France by founding a special school of diplomacy, thus completing the work done at West Point and Annapolis, to which Captain Mahan makes so much reference indirectly.

This brings us to the question of territorial expansion. Should the United States acquire any more lands? This question has time and again been answered in the affirmative, and our recent annexation of Hawaii was in keeping with our time-honored policy. "Shut out from the Sandwich Islands as a coal base," declares our author, "an enemy is thrown back for supplies of fuel to distances of 3,500 or 4,000 miles—or between 7,000 and 8,000 coming and going—an impediment to sustained maritime operations well-nigh prohibitive;" and few who are familiar with the facts in the case will be inclined to question his statement that the annexation of Hawaii has been no mere sporadic effort, irrational because disconnected from an adequate

motive; but a first fruit and token that the nation in its evolution has aroused itself to the necessity of carrying its life beyond the borders which heretofore have sufficed for its activities. For strategic reasons alone, therefore, we were justified in acquiring this group of islands, not to mention their commercial and political importance. No less important to us will be the Isthmian Canal, whether by way of Panama or Nicaragua, which the not distant future will see constructed largely under American auspices. A glance at the map will show at once the necessity for this long-projected undertaking, a concrete illustration of whose desirability was furnished a few months ago by the long and hazardous voyage of the Oregon. The chief political result of this canal, to quote Captain Mahan, "will be to bring our Pacific coast nearer not only to our Atlantic coast but to the great navies of Europe." Its commercial advantages cannot be overestimated. The rapidly growing trade with China, Japan, and the far East generally will be stimulated in a most inconceivable manner, to say nothing of its effects on our commercial and political relations with Mexico and South and Central America. As Captain Mahan forcibly remarks, "under this increased importance of the Isthmus, we cannot safely anticipate for the future the cheap acquiescence which, under very different circumstances, has been yielded in the past to our demands;" and it is notorious that European powers are already betraying symptoms of increased sensitiveness as to the value of positions on the Caribbean Sea, and are strengthening their grip upon those they now hold. It is true the sharp practice by which Great Britain entrapped us into becoming a party to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty may, in a measure, impede our progress in this direction, even though the opinion should prevail that the treaty is no longer obligatory. But even if it is still binding, it will not necessarily thwart us; for England's joint control with us over the enterprise might prove a help rather than a hindrance. Of course the many strategic points along the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are not likely to be permanently ignored, especially since ex-

perts have begun so earnestly to direct the attention of their governments thereto, and Germany has turned her ambitious eyes on Holland and the Dutch possessions generally. Meanwhile every good citizen should lay to heart the fact, so well emphasized by Captain Mahan, that events throughout the world show us that peoples of varying degrees of civilization and representing antagonistic races, with different material and spiritual ideals, are coming in closer contact than ever before. We therefore owe it to ourselves and to posterity that the duty intrusted to us be faithfully performed. That duty, on the one hand, is to be prepared to advance the outposts of civilization by enlightening, as far as possible, the less advanced races with whom we come in contact; and, on the other, to be fully prepared by the possession of important points of defense to meet attacks from any source whatsoever. Hawaii, the canal, and certain points in the vicinity of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico will thus put us at a great advantage.

As for the territory we shall acquire by the treaty with Spain, it is too early to speak advisedly. At the same time it is pertinent to refer to one or two exceedingly grave questions that will arise in regard to our new possessions. What shall we do with them? Shall we retain them, or sell them, or grant them their independence? In the case of Cuba, honor will of course prevent us from forcible annexation, although whenever the people of that nascent republic express a wish to join us they may count upon a hearty welcome. Porto Rico will be retained as part of the war indemnity. But these islands are virtually portions of our continent, and nearly every broad-minded statesman of this country has been in favor of their acquisition by us. There will be no trouble concerning them, and it is hard to see what constitutional objection can be raised against their annexation; for it was Chief Justice Marshall who declared that the right to wage war gave us the right to conclude peace and to acquire lands by conquest or by purchase. Our constitution is intended to help, not to hinder, us in our progress. The really serious difficulty will be furnished by

the question of the final disposition of the Philippines. Owing to their number, remoteness, and imperfect development, socially and politically, this group is by no means so desirable as the islands of the West Indies. At the same time, we could not, in view of recent events in China, convey them to any European power without causing very serious complications. Hence, finding ourselves suddenly implicated in the far Eastern question—which indeed is our Western question—can we afford to lose so favorable an opportunity for protecting our commercial interests in Asia? It is to be hoped, however, that this may be done by preserving suitable coaling stations in the islands rather than by taking them under our control; for it may be seriously doubted whether we are yet prepared to govern suitably possessions so distantly situated. Let us, therefore, be content to hold them temporarily as a lien until the satisfaction by Spain of the demands we shall make.

In conclusion we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that, in view of impending changes in the administration of our foreign affairs, this extremely delicate function of government may be so reformed as to strengthen it. As is well known, monarchical governments intrust the foreign policy to the executive rather than to the legislative branch of administration, thus securing that promptness and secrecy so essential to diplomatic success. Unfortunately, when the framers of the constitution came to assign this subject to its appropriate branch of government there was great fear and jealousy of the executive, which, however reasonable then, cannot on sane grounds exist in the present day. Hence to Congress was given the royal right of declaring war, while to the President, by and with the advice of the Senate, was intrusted the power to conclude treaties and appoint foreign representatives. By virtue of its right thus to approve or reject treaties, the Senate guides the course of our foreign affairs; and some European critics, like Mr. Bryce, are disposed to regard this as an element of weakness. At the same time it should be mentioned that the Senate discusses a treaty in secret session, and one of the rules governing

such sessions is that all confidential communications made by the President to the Senate shall not be divulged until the Senate removes the injunction of secrecy. In this connection it may not be out of place to refer to another curious anomaly which, in view of our apparent drift toward imperialism, may cause serious inconvenience. It seems that, although the constitution vests the treaty-making power in the President and Senate, Congress has several times played an important part in the matter; and it has even been contended that Congress should be consulted in advance when an annexation of territory is contemplated. Another serious obstacle may arise from the fact that Congress holds the purse; and although the lower house has never refused to appropriate money called for by a treaty, there is no machinery for forcing it to do so. But the present trend of events obliges us to examine thoroughly our existing methods for the administration of foreign affairs and, if possible, to provide in advance for any mishap. This phase of the subject Captain Mahan has not touched upon, nor should we perhaps have expected him to do so. Nevertheless it is well for the citizen to know that increased activity abroad is impossible without increased strength at home. It is quite possible for a republic to conduct successfully a vigorous foreign policy; but we shall quickly learn that the legislature, even acting through a committee, is not omnipotent; and that it will be the part of wisdom to intrust as much as possible this difficult branch of administration to the President, aided by the Senate, rather than to allow it to become the football of partisans by being usurped by the House.

X. Y. Z.

II.

OUR IMPERIAL DESTINY.

Among those who in increasing numbers during the past decade have urged on the people of the United States the change in policy that is suggested by the above title none is more talented or more urbane than the distinguished author

of the "Life of Nelson." With Captain Mahan it is possible to discuss any question with an amenity that it might be difficult to maintain with vociferous pulpit orators, cynical exploiters of popular manias in both houses of Congress, or the yelping pack of the yellow curs of journalism; though all these support the contentions of Captain Mahan so far as their intellectual and moral capacities enable them to comprehend them.

It is urged by Captain Mahan that to wage a defensive war, into which we may at any time be forced, it is necessary to be able to wage an offensive one; that to do this it is necessary to have a much larger navy than we have ever possessed; and that, in order to make this navy efficient, it is necessary to have sundry fortified harbors in various parts of the world, notably in the Caribbean Sea and in the Pacific Ocean. He contends further that, in so far as we control the sea by our navy, we shall control the trade of the sea, and that without this trade we cannot grow as we should in wealth and power.

When Captain Mahan began writing on these subjects nearly a decade ago they seemed rather in the nature of an academic discussion. The majority of Americans instinctively shrank from tasks that they had no reason to think themselves competent to perform and from burdens of financial outlay that the unparalleled debauchery of the electorate by pensions made taxpayers hesitate to assume. However, amid the protests of some prudent folk, the construction of a new navy was begun, and was hardly even partly completed before, like a boy with a new knife, its possessor was seized with a desire to see whether it would work. It had been said over and over again that with a nation like ours readiness to fight would mean fighting, and as soon as we felt able to whip a third-class power without risk to anything but the taxpayers' pockets and the national character we found ourselves at war with the country that had possessed for three hundred years, without much profit to herself, those islands, coaling stations, etc., that the imperialists had been dangling before the popular eye till it was hypnotized into

thinking them the iridescent jewels of imperial dominion, the first fruits of our manifest destiny.

This is not the place to consider the cause or the justification of the recent war with Spain, whether, as some aver, it was undertaken at the direct instigation of the Lord of Hosts, a sort of Jehovah-Moloch, bent on increasing his glory and the area of Protestantism and missionary enterprise, or whether we took up arms at the call of that same "manifest destiny" that, as Mr. Lowell remarked on a similar occasion a half century ago, is "half on't ignorance and t'other half rum;" or whether this religious sentiment and this ignorance and this rum were skillfully made the tool of scheming contractors, news-venders, army and navy officials, and demagogues. And as this is not the place to discuss the causes of the war, neither is it the place to discuss its justice, or even the justice of the sixth and eighth Commandments. Nor is it the place to inquire whether, when our Senate and Representatives solemnly declared that they went into this war with no intention of territorial aggrandizement, they were then consciously lying or no, since the gullible sentimental multitude, who believed them then, is already prepared not only to condone, as did Prince Bismarck, a falsehood justified by the result of a war, but to glory openly in their intent to make the nation a liar. Else what means this talk of retaining Cuba, propagated by the newspaper, the cartoon, and the congressional interview; propagated even by the accredited ministers of the God of truth and the Gospel of peace?

It is too late now to discuss any of these things practically, and it is too early to discuss them historically. It is too late to save the country from whatever loss of wealth or honor or character may be involved in the just ended struggle. But we attacked a nation so weak and so unprepared that, unless others came to her aid, it was reasonably certain that she might be stripped of her raiment and left half dead with the same impunity that those persons enjoyed who once met a man going from Jerusalem to Jericho. What then shall be done with the spoil, and what will the spoil do with us? A re-

cent cartoon represents America as a bumptious youth with two huge apples, labeled according to the modest assumption that such minds as these cartoons attract will require an explanation of their humor. The apples bear the words "Philippines" and "Cuba." The nations of the world, represented by other schoolboys, ask the youth more or less deferentially for bites, to whom the boy replies that he will eat them, cores and all. And such is probably the dimly formulated purpose in the minds of the majority of Americans to-day. Let us consider what it involves, not morally—for we are placing ourselves outside that pale—but financially and politically. Are we fit to undertake a colonial policy? Could we afford to do so if we were capable of it?

There is a pleasing delusion prevalent in America which has been relatively harmless in the past but promises to be dangerous in the future. This delusion is that the prosperity of our country is due to our peculiar capacity for dominating reluctant nature, for invention, for labor, and for self-government. We think it almost a truism that we are among the shrewdest of nations. In fact, we have been spendthrifts of an estate so rich by nature as to make us feel possessed of Fortunatus' purse, with the natural result that when the normal conditions of national economics began to assert themselves relentlessly among us as in the nations of Europe, we were disposed to look for our relief to the very sources of our ills. The history of our financial legislation during the past thirty years is the history of a series of blunders that would have brought bankruptcy to any country less favored by nature. The recent war was carried on with the same extravagance that characterized the civil one, and for the same disgraceful reasons, furthering the already perilous progress of a cancerous plutocracy. A few in this country will be much the richer for this war, as they have been made the richer by various financial acts in the past, while life for the majority has grown and will continue to grow harder, and a colonial policy will intensify the process.

Very large sums of money are obviously needed to conquer foreign possessions. We have already spent more than

\$100,000,000, and have secured undisputed control of—Porto Rico, rich in name alone. We shall probably spend a great many times that sum for the privilege of keeping a number of exposed colonial stations which must be fortified at additional expense, garrisoned and supported by a navy at least double the size of any that we have ever had, unless we wish to see them taken from us. To do this will increase materially the already heavy taxes of our people, none the less heavy because they are insidious and for the most part indirect. It will detract from the national prosperity, make it harder for us to maintain competition with Europe, and tend to assimilate our conditions of labor and wages to hers. And all that we may have places of refuge for a navy that we do not possess, in case of a war that we do not anticipate, to protect a canal that may never exist across Panama or Nicaragua, a canal with which we seem quite capable of dispensing, and which will certainly never be built without our consent and contributions. If the building of a Pacific canal involves what is claimed by Captain Mahan, it would be much cheaper to wage a war to prevent its construction than to pay for building what we need less than any and have reason to dread more than all.

It is said that trade follows the flag, that unless we have a navy we can have no merchant marine, and it is undeniable that one fosters the other; but surely we can forego some of the profits of the carrying trade if we are spared the cost of protecting it. A few months ago all territory controlled by the United States was in a compact mass, excepting of course Alaska. No navy was needed to maintain communication with any part of it. The nature of our country is such that we could endure the blockade of our entire coast and frontier with less annoyance than we should cause to our blockaders. The invasion of our territory tempts no foreign army. We therefore are not obliged to maintain the naval force that is necessary to the existence of the scattered British Empire or of France or even of Germany. Protection of commerce is only an incident to their unfortunate geographical position. We are sacrificing an economic advan-

tage in creating a navy with all that it implies, to do for ourselves at greater expense what they will do for us at less, leaving precisely that amount of capital free for the needed development of domestic industry.

It would seem, therefore, that from the point of view of economic well-being there is no profit in sight from an imperial policy, however energetic or successful. Nor will the colonies themselves prove sources of revenue to us, unless our experience differs from that of other and more experienced nations. Individuals have squeezed great wealth from the Spanish colonies. The nation has been the poorer for them for a century. Even Java has in recent times barely sufficed to balance Sumatra in the Dutch budget. The English colonies at best pay for themselves, and hardly that if one take into account their proportion of the maintenance of the naval establishment. The colonies of France are an annual drain of men and money. We shall be the weaker pecuniarily for every colony that we conquer. Our country is entering on this career with the ardor of Sancho Panza for the government of islands, the more distant the the better. Experience is a dear school. Can it be that Americans are of that category of mankind that will learn in no other?

And politically? Why do we readily assume that we have a vocation, as it were from heaven, to govern others? Are we so eminently successful in governing ourselves that we should be eager to extend the blessings we enjoy to less fortunate races? It is true that there are politicians among us who consider that their success in venal intrigue is a proof that "God reigns," and perhaps such a one will accept the governorship of a new Baratania with a pious prayer from his Hawaiian missionary chaplain that might run thus in its unctuous *tremolo*: "O Baal-Moloch, thou who delightest in lies, in battles, and burnt offerings, help us, thy servants who trust in thee. Thou knowest that our greed is omnivorous, our fatuousness unsearchable, and our hypocrisy infinite. Deliver us, we beseech thee, through rum, from Romanism and rebellion."

But thoughtful men among the governed have less reason than our battenning rulers to be satisfied with the working of our municipal, legislative, and congressional lobbies and rings, while the latter are of such a character that even elect spiritual guides among us have discovered that with them the end must needs sanctify the means. For when that end is an appropriation and the means a falsehood we have seen it expedited with the eager speed of lightning to further so sacred a cause.

Surely it were useless and almost grotesque to pretend that democracy on a large scale among us is either efficient or economical. Towns are occasionally well governed, cities very rarely, States hardly ever, the nation not at all. Our people prefer to be oppressed by the extortion of railroads, telegraph and express companies, and to allow their lawmakers to be dishonorably controlled by them, rather than to intrust to the State the performance of functions that belong to it by nature and are elsewhere successfully performed by it, and this, because as we are told with various euphemistic circumlocutions, the State cannot be trusted, always pays more for any service than a private individual need do, and would abuse its power for electoral corruption. It has been an edifying spectacle in these last weeks to see side by side on the editorial pages of a newspaper printed in a Southern capital the most sweeping and bitter denunciations of the local government, as shameless, unprincipled, and corrupt, with exhortations to the very people who had placed this government in power to confer the blessings of Anglo-Saxon rule on as many cities, islands, and languages as possible.

If we may judge of the distant by the near and predicate the future from the past, we should fail in governing colonies in proportion to their distance and importance, an opulent and distant colony offering more means and occasion for speculation and fraud than one that might be small, poor, and close at hand. The latter, then, should be preferred; for, though equally unprofitable to our commerce, it would prove less temptation to ourselves and to our enemies.

We believe Voltaire is the author of a homely exhortation to nations to wash their dirty linen at home. Where a nation has such a large laundry of this character it would seem well to attend to it as far as may be in the privacy of our back yards, and not to flaunt it in every quarter of the globe. Thomas à Kempis suggested centuries ago that he who would govern others should first learn to govern himself. The circumstances of Captain Mahan's life have perhaps tended to hide from him the necessity of this preliminary lesson in the United States. It would be impossible to teach it to the greater part of his abettors who, with motives as base as his are generous, seek to beguile the country into a debauch of colonial imperialism.

J. A.

III.

SOME PHASES OF THE SITUATION.

There can be little question that with the annexation of Hawaii, the appropriation of Porto Rico as a prize of war, and the probable retention of one or more islands of the Philippine and other Oriental groups, this country has made an important departure from the principles of the Founders of the Republic. Whether the change be for weal or for woe, the point to be insisted on here is that it is a change. This change does not lie in the mere acquisition of territory, or in its acquisition through war. The advocates of the new policy have talked too much of Thomas Jefferson and Louisiana, of the Mexican war and the Gadsden purchase, and of Alaska, to permit us to believe that territorial expansion is un-American or unconstitutional. These advocates have minimized, however, almost with one accord, that element of our present territorial expansion which differentiates it from all previous extensions of the national boundaries—to wit, the fact that this is the first time in our history when we have annexed territory without the belief that it would be occupied by Americans who would one day form the bulk of the population of the added regions and would in time fully exercise their rights, privileges, and duties as

citizens of one of the component States of an inviolable Union. The Louisiana Territory was annexed under stipulations with regard to future statehood. Our acquisitions of Spanish, Mexican, and Russian territory in the past looked forward to the spread of an Anglo-Saxon population that would be capable of coördinate political action with the people of the Union of States. At no time before the inception of the late war with Spain did any considerable portion of the citizens of the United States desire to control the destinies of far-distant lands, thickly populated by an alien, not savage race. We have hitherto sent our younger brothers and sons into the wilderness to build homes; now for the first time we desire to become masters and to send our agents out to look after our subject peoples and lands.

That this is our present desire can hardly be doubted. We cannot imagine, in the light of history, that we shall supplant the native populations of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and it would scarcely be a missionary enterprise in any true sense if we were to attempt to do it in Hawaii. There is no great popular expectation that any of our new possessions will be fit for statehood within a reasonable period of time, yet we are told that there is a popular desire that we should "grab" all the territory we can, no matter what the character of its population. The inference is irresistible that we have tired of the slow rôle of state builders and are determined to become rulers of peoples. In other words, we are territorial expansionists of a very different order from Jefferson.

But to what order do we belong? Obviously we have become imperialists—that is to say, we are advocates of the extension of the sway of the United States over lands and peoples presumably unfit for incorporation in the Union for a long time to come. We are also imperialists in that we rely upon our *imperium* or sway to keep these lands and peoples in subjection, and not upon their natural contiguity or affinity with our country and ourselves. Porto Rico is, indeed, within our natural sphere of influence, and Hawaii is so reckoned by the promoters of our naval development; but the

Philippines have contiguity and affinity with us only from the point of view of our trade interests. Should we insist on retaining one or more of these islands, or should we as a people accept the principle that our flag must float wherever we have the strength and the opportunity to plant it, there could be but one name for our policy. It would be properly denominated imperialism of the British, the Roman, or the Carthaginian type. For imperialism does not demand an emperor—the Roman *imperium* existed long before the days of Augustus Cæsar—but a sway exercised over one people by another, whether for commercial or military or other reasons. In her relations with Canada and Australia Great Britain occupies a position not unanalogous with that occupied by the Union with regard to its Western Territories peopled by home builders; but in her relations with India she has developed an imperial policy which would not have been less imperial if Queen Victoria had been forced to abdicate and Mr. Gladstone been elected President of a British Republic. It is needless to remark that imperialism does not necessarily mean tyranny; but it is as well to notice that, in so far as an imperial policy contemplates the planting of the American flag among civilized peoples who have not voluntarily joined their fortunes with ours, it is contradictory to the fundamental principles of that Declaration of Independence for which our ancestors bled, and gives the lie to those professions of liberality with which we have welcomed to our shores the oppressed of all mankind. It may be, indeed, that our fathers were mistaken enthusiasts, from our present point of view, when they issued their manifesto of freedom and opened their hospitable doors; it may be that our own children shall be able to say with a contemptuous pride, “*nous avons changé tout cela*;” but it is not possible that the thoughtful man of to-day or the historian of the future should be blind to the fact that the policy of territorial expansion now advocated contains elements so new and so contradictory to American experience that to associate it in any way with the territorial policy of Thomas Jefferson is misleading in the highest degree. Jefferson would have advocated the

spreading of democratic American ideals by peaceful means among the alien population of the Philippines, but he would have shuddered at the thought of swaying their destinies. If he were to return to life, he might possibly advocate a moderate enlargement of our navy, but he would hardly look on with equanimity at the way in which America is preparing to imitate in Hawaii the British policy which resulted in the extermination of the Maoris of New Zealand.

But Jefferson belonged to his own day, and we belong to ours. Fixed policies are impossible and absurd among the fluctuating generations of men. Of what avail is it, then, to cite the Fathers, if the imperial policy is demanded by the "living present?"

It would be plainly absurd to affirm that this or any other country is bound to maintain a policy simply because it is sanctioned by the past; but it is not foolish to claim that the burden of proof rests upon those who advocate a change from a policy so sanctioned, or that it is disingenuous to represent what is plainly new as venerably old. Nor is it vain to insist, even to deaf ears, that it is the duty of the intelligent portion of every people to understand fully the real nature of any new policy they purpose to inaugurate. Hence it is well for us to learn to call our proposed colonial system by its proper name, imperialism, and to admit frankly that it is at variance with our past policy and our cherished traditions. Having made up our minds on these points, we can proceed intelligently to discuss the advisability of the new policy as it is outlined and defended by its advocates.

The arguments brought forward by the imperialists in defense of their proposed policy seem to fall under two main categories—to wit, arguments concerned with national prestige and arguments concerned with commercial supremacy. Although these two sets of arguments frequently blend, they may be advantageously considered apart. It is said on all hands that the policy of isolation which we have pursued for a century is now outgrown. What suited a struggling band of loosely united States is unsuitable to a nation of nearly

eighty millions. We are ready to take our place among the great powers, should be consulted in all matters of world importance, and should so increase our army and navy as to be able not merely to protect our growing commercial interests, but also to take a practical hand in shaping the destinies of a world which is being more rapidly drawn together every day. But a large navy needs coaling stations, and commercial interests in these days of tariff wars are fostered by outlying possessions, hence an aggressive policy of territorial expansion is a natural corollary of the abandonment of the policy of isolation. The fact is pointed out that Great Britain and the continental powers are swiftly carving up the world between them, and the inference is drawn that by the time our present territory is thickly settled we may not be so strong relatively as we are now. Hence we are invited to bestir ourselves and to coöperate with Great Britain in order that the domination of the Anglo-Saxon race may be assured in perpetuity. As such a domination would mean the spread of our religion, our language—in short, of our ideals—it is no wonder that this plea for a joint world empire with Great Britain has made a deep impression upon people who at the time of Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan Message were ready to attribute to Lord's Salisbury's government every sinister intention known to man.

On the other hand we are assured that the future of the world will depend mainly upon the results of the wars for commercial supremacy in which all the Western and, according to the late Mr. Pearson, all the Eastern nations also, must become engaged. A combined policy of territorial expansion and protective tariffs, backed by preponderant military and naval force, may soon give one or more European nations an opportunity to cripple our trade and commerce in such a way as to throw us back upon our home market and thus greatly to hamper our development. Such being the case, we should widen our sphere of influence as much as possible, if only for the purpose of aiding Great Britain in her titanic task of securing open markets for the world. To hold quietly back and allow Great Britain to exhaust her strength to

secure such markets, by which we ourselves should prosper, would be selfish in the extreme. Hence the navy should be augmented, colonies acquired, and the rôle of a world power unflinchingly assumed.

To sum up, it is claimed that, with an enormously increasing trade, America must abandon her policy of isolation, must protect the goods and lives of her citizens by means of a large navy, and must spread her ideals throughout the world. The possession of colonies in both oceans would greatly facilitate the movements of this navy in times of both war and peace, and would also develop trade and spread American civilization. Colonies could not be held without a great navy, and a great navy would be handicapped without colonies, while trade would eventually be handicapped without both. This is the gist of the imperial theory, viewed on its practical side; when considerations of glory and prestige are added, the prospect becomes alluring indeed.

But there are some cool-headed and perhaps unenthusiastic persons who have not been allured at all. They have pointed to the obvious fact that the mere statement that a large nation needs a wide-looking foreign policy, even though it be made by eminent publicists and ex-Secretaries of State, carries little weight unless it be supported by more and better arguments than most imperialists deign to give. A traditional policy has the advantage of presumption in its favor; a new policy has the advantage that attends most readjustments. These two advantages may be set off against one another by the judicious inquirer, and the positive arguments in favor of the proposed change must then be weighed on their merits.

With regard to the argument that it is time that we should take our place among the world powers in order to make our influence felt, the natural objection has been raised that it would be the part of prudence to inquire more narrowly than we now seem to be doing into the precise meaning of the terms so loosely used. Surely the nation that has asserted the Monroe Doctrine successfully, that has brought to terms without the use of armed force Great Britain, Spain,

and Austria in the Alabama, Virginius, and Martin Koszta incidents, is a world power in many essential points.¹ That we have been and are respected abroad in fact is a matter of history; that we are respected in word will be apparent to any observant traveler. Until there seemed to be a prospect of our being induced to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, an important portion of the English people spoke more slightly of us than was the case with any other European nation. As for the affront offered us by Chili, that meant no more than the absurd flurry in Peru now means, nor would it be used as a serious argument save by disingenuous or purely partisan disputants. That we are not greatly considered or consulted in important European and Asiatic affairs is undoubtedly true, but it is by no means clear that such consideration and consultation would redound to our ultimate advantage, however much it might stimulate our self-consciousness; and it is surely true that, through our own action, Europe has been denied a voice in American affairs.

More important still is the fact, urged by all our great statesmen from Washington to Cleveland, that we have reaped the advantages of peace and repose from our abstention from European politics; that we have escaped the burden of standing armies, and have been allowed to develop, socially and politically, unmenaced by external disturbances. That such peace and repose is not ignoble is plain both from history and from legend, both from the chronicles of the Antonines and from the fables of the Age of Gold. It may, indeed, be our duty now, or at some future time, to sacrifice our serenity for the sake of self-preservation or for the best interests of the race; but we should not fling away the gifts of Providence for merely sentimental or *doctrinaire* reasons. To help England in the East for the sake of our commercial relations may possibly, but not probably, be an imperative duty; but to help England because she is in straits on account of an economic policy forced upon her

¹ See an excellent editorial in the *Nation* for August 4, 1898.

by her own peculiar situation, and because we admire her pluck and honor the ties of blood, would be a rash step on the part of a people who have and can reasonably expect to have no such base of supplies and operations as is furnished to Great Britain, France, and Russia by their Asiatic possessions. That Great Britain should retain her Eastern trade and her Indian empire may seem to be desirable from the point of view of the Anglo-Saxon race; but it is by no means clear that the Slavs are not better fitted to inherit the Orient, and it is absolutely certain that the United States should do nothing to jeopardize its domination of both Americas. Yet if we insist upon dissipating our strength by interference in European and Asiatic affairs, what assurance have we that we can prevent, by force, a contemptuous disregard of the Monroe Doctrine by the allied powers? And so far as right and justice go, on what basis, besides that of brute force, could we maintain it, were we to abandon the policy of confining ourselves to America?

But do our commercial interests really require our abandonment of the policy of isolation? This is too broad a question to be more than glanced at here, yet it may be observed that a great navy eats into the profits of commerce, and increases the number of those whose interests lie in breaking, not keeping, that peace so essential to trade and industry. Then, too, colonies are subject to attack by foreign powers, especially when they lie outside a nation's natural sphere of influence; nor can they be made to buy goods they do not want, except by means of laws in the passing of which they can have had no voice. Should we ever be brought to pass such laws, we shall have plainly sunk to the level of ideals against which we fought vigorously more than a century ago. Furthermore, it remains to be proved that American trade has hitherto suffered disastrously from our lack of a large navy to support it (one of the great points with our Jingos is the present importance of our trade), or that it ever will be excluded from the ports of nations which are, year by year, becoming more dependent upon one another for the comforts of life. In other words, the im-

perial theory seems to require the race to look forward to a selfish, "grab as one can" future, in which every nation must be girded for the fray.

Can we believe in such a future as some noted publicists are inclined to do? The present writer cannot, and this not merely because he is optimist enough to believe in a Providence that is guiding the world upward and on. It looks amazingly as if the ingenious speculations of Mr. Pearson and others, with regard to the Armageddons to be fought by the merchant nations of the West and East, were largely based on the application of the theory of evolution to history. Given the doctrine of the survival of the fittest and the present military and industrial turmoil of Europe, and it is easy enough to develop such speculations. But the whole course of civilization has militated against natural selection and the survival of the fittest in many important particulars, and this will probably be true to a greater extent in the future. Despite recent wars and rumors of war, the mind of man is recoiling, more and more, from the barbarous practice of settling disputes, whether individual or national, by force of arms. Although many eminent writers maintain that war will continue to the end of time, and that it is necessary in order that the virile qualities of the race may be preserved, their arguments, besides being insulting to Providence, are so suspiciously like those urged in the past by the advocates of witchcraft, dueling, and slavery, that they fail to exert much influence over thoughtful men. That war will eventually disappear among civilized peoples may be the ideal conception of the poet and the philanthropist, just as a cosmopolitan world empire is the ideal of the publicist and the historian; but it is precisely because they are ideals and because men are capable of indefinite improvement, that they are almost certain to become realities in the future. Nor need this future be indefinitely postponed. The present armed state of Europe and the prevalence of protective tariffs are due rather to the birth of two new nations and the internal convulsions of two old ones—matters temporary in their nature—than to any unvarying

working of natural selection among races or to a consistent and immutable following out of competitive colonial and commercial policies. It is at least a grim future that Darwin and the Muse of History set before us, if we are to believe that men will continue to cut one another's throats and rip one another's pockets for an unending period; and it is strange that many persons who have ceased to believe in a hell after life should insist upon creating one on this earth for every generation that is still unborn.

But to return to the concrete question of our own trade interests, especially with regard to the Philippines, attention should be called to the fact that many competent authorities doubt whether the profits that would accrue to certain classes of traders would equal the cost to the general government of maintaining our supremacy in the islands. If this be true, it would be wise for the people whose taxes support the general government to consider whether they propose to foster special interests to such an extent. Such fostering is of course in line with our previous willingness to tax ourselves in support of what we have called euphemistically "our infant industries;" but when industries insist on roaming from home in search of profit and adventure, can they be fairly called infant even by this people to whom all things are possible? The whole question of the morality of taxing the many that the few may thrive may be waived, since we have insisted on doing this at home for over one hundred years; but we cannot waive the question whether it is moral for us practically to bind future generations to a continuance of our own more than doubtful policy. Nor can we waive the question whether it is moral to propose to make the Philippines pay by an application of a system of forced labor much resembling slavery. Some of the advocates of expansion, foreseeing the effect upon the public should it be shown that annexation would redound merely to the interests of a class, have actually suggested that, should we take the Philippines, we might make them profitable by applying to them such a *corvée* system as the Dutch have successfully worked in

Java. But, as Mr. Worthington Ford has recently pointed out, this system was adopted when different conceptions were held of the relations of a State with its subjects; and it would certainly seem curious if the nation that commemorates with pride the promulgation, by President Lincoln, of the Proclamation of Emancipation should, either of its own initiative or through the delegation of powers to chartered companies or to private individuals, establish or permit, in colonies taken by force, a system of labor akin to slavery. That a *corvée* might be made to pay is possible, although not altogether probable; but we should not tolerate such a relic of feudal tyranny in our Southern States, where the negro population might profit from it, and we could not therefore apply it elsewhere without laying ourselves open to the charge of inconsistency. It would indeed be a queer revolution of the wheel of history should American republicans establish, at the end of the nineteenth century, a system of forced labor or illegitimate taxation which French republicans did away with at the end of the eighteenth.

But there are arguments that may weigh with our people more than the fear that they may be considered inconsistent. Men are rarely logical in their politics, but they are not usually lacking in sagacity with regard to the paying features of any trade, and it is by no means certain that the retention of Manila can be made to pay any one outside the Asiatic sphere of influence. Mr. Worthington C. Ford, lately in office as a statistician, has recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a singularly interesting and valuable study of the "New Opportunities for American Commerce," in which he comes to the conclusion that we should not turn our eyes toward Asia, but should confine our attention to the West Indies. He shows that, for our trade with China to reach the figures that dazzle the imperialists, a social revolution of vast extent would have to take place in that country. For example: how are we going to turn the Chinese into meat eaters in order to make them buy Chicago beef? How are we going to make them use manufactures they do not understand or want, when Japan, which

gained the privilege of establishing mills and factories on Chinese territory after the late war, has had to forego using its rights on account of the sullen opposition of the conquered people? How, too, can we compete with Russia and Japan should China be divided, unless it be admitted that we are each and all of us endowed with the capacity of the true journalist to whip every one in sight and not feel tired after our exertions? Were we a nation of demigods instead of one of demagogues, we might indeed accomplish a tithe of the work mapped out for us since the beginning of the war; but being merely mortals, it would be as well if we would read Mr. Ford's article before rolling up our sleeves afresh.

But some will say: "How about making Manila an American Hong Kong to act as a base for the operations of our exporters?" This query is, of course, pertinent, for it is obvious that we could not decently turn the selfish Spaniards out and make Manila anything but a free port, but Mr. Ford has answered it in a most conclusive manner. He shows that the exports of British goods to Hong Kong since 1881 have fallen off in value by one-half, and the imports by one-third. American imports have fallen off one-third and exports have increased in equal ratio; but "Hong Kong figures in the total trade of the United States for less than four-tenths of one per cent." Germany practically passes over Hong Kong and tries to establish centers of trade in China itself. On the other hand, Japan's transactions with Hong Kong have nearly doubled, and are rapidly increasing. If figures do not lie, does not this point to Asiatic control of Asiatic trade and ports?

But we have laid Mr. Ford under too much contribution already, and we may take leave of him with a somewhat compensatory compliment by asking how long it would be before our official representatives at Manila would be able to handle trade statistics as well as he can? Mr. Ford's services were dispensed with by the authorities at Washington; would the latter be likely to value abroad those expert services they so often despise at home? It is much to be

feared that as a great national institution is said to have got an executive head because the wife of a politician preferred Washington to Pekin as a residence, so Manila might get a governor general because the daughter of a politician wished to carry on a flirtation in bad Spanish. Such things and worse things happen every day, and we manage not merely to survive but to flourish. Yet it is plain, when we consider the fine moral qualities and the mental vigor of our people in their private capacities, that flourishing in this great country is one thing and governing distant alien dependencies is quite another. Neither England nor Holland succeeded in dealing with the Oriental until they understood him, and this understanding has been obtained only after centuries of experience and study. The English and Dutch literature relating to the problems of Eastern colonization amounts to thousands of volumes. Our Indian agents have not enriched our own literature to any great extent. That we could learn in time to govern Orientals will hardly be denied, but that we shall prefer the slow methods of study to the rough and ready methods of obtaining our desires by browbeating our helpless subjects is an affirmation that some of us would hesitate to make. We deprecate the imputation of pessimism, but candor obliges us to confess to a presentiment that just as the discoverer of the Philippines, the noble Portuguese Magellan, fell a victim to the hostility of the natives, so most of us who have recently discovered these islands on our maps will suffer many evil things at the hands of native half-breeds and savages if we do not leave them alone. A slight experience with the half-breeds of Cuba has served to dissipate many romantic notions about heroes fighting for their firesides; but because we have these half-breeds now on our hands is not the best of reasons for encumbering ourselves with others still less promising.

But we may dismiss this phase of the subject with brief comments upon the closer relations we are urged to form with Great Britain and upon the moral arguments advanced to justify our plunging into international complications.

With regard to the proposal that America should ally her-

self with Great Britain for the control and better government of the world, it can scarcely be denied that the spread of Anglo-Saxon ideas of justice, morality, and religion would redound to the advantage of the entire human race. Yet no one can fail to perceive that in many respects civilization would become monotonous and unbeautiful if any one race or nation controlled the world, and there are more practical considerations that may make Americans hesitate before deciding to ally themselves formally with Great Britain.

A cordial understanding would, of course, be to the advantage of both countries and, we may venture to believe, of the world; but the chief advantages of an alliance would inure to Great Britain, which would have a partner in what has long since proved a harassing and dubious experiment. It is by no means certain that her colonial empire has been a source of real strength to England any more than the colonies of France have been to her. Her wisest statesman of this century, Mr. Gladstone, believed that the colonies have been a millstone about the mother country's neck; nor has it been clearly proved that the two chief advantages that the advocates of a Greater Britain claim for the colonial system—to wit, an outlet for surplus population and an increased market for English products—might not have been secured under a system of temporary rather than permanent control of the colonies founded by adventurous Englishmen.

However this may be, it is obvious that none of the chief reasons that made England an imperial colonizing power applies to America. The agricultural classes of this country are not likely to be thrown out of employment on account of foreign competition; the commercial classes have a tremendous home market which is capable of almost indefinite expansion. The continent of North America and the West Indies offer an ample field for growth, and there is reason to believe that the possession of far-outlying dependencies and an alliance with England would serve to dissipate rather than to concentrate the nation's powers of expansion. In assuming this position we may indeed incur the appellation of "Little Americans," but this would seem to be preferable to

incurring that of "Little Britons" through a premature attempt to follow in the devious footsteps of the greatest empire of modern times.

As to the moral arguments for imperialism, it may be safely affirmed that, if it be wrong for the United States to leave Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines under the tyranny of Spanish soldiers and priests, it was fully as wrong for such a great and peculiarly unselfish nation to bring the war to an end without freeing the Canary Islands and, indeed, making a conquest of Spain itself, in order that the blessings of American civilization might be spread over that benighted peninsula. It may, indeed, be admitted that the results of the war have rendered American temporary or permanent control of some of Spain's colonies both morally and politically necessary; but all arguments for the extension of our domain on the ground of our general duty to humanity and of our essential superiority to the Spanish are dangerously misleading. On the basis of such reasoning any strong nation might easily persuade itself that it was its duty to wipe out its neighbors, and nearly every statesman would be turned into a political Pecksniff. If our missionaries cannot preach Christ's gospel, if our writers and artists and scientists cannot spread our ideals and mental achievements, if our people cannot possess their consciences at ease, unless we are always thrashing inferior peoples, dispossessing them of their territories, and prying about for grievances to redress—the nation which a century ago seemed to be a fair morning star heralding the dawn of a new era of liberty and peace will be shortly seen dashing through the political heavens, a lurid and destructive comet.

But if the moral grounds for territorial expansion are nearly always slim when a more or less civilized people is to be dispossessed, there are certain moral principles that may operate against such a policy which cannot be ignored. In the first place it is plain, as we have seen, that it is unjust and un-American for this country to take permanent possession of any territory occupied by a homogeneous, fairly civilized people without the full and free consent of that people. The

end of political life as conceived by every true American since Washington's day, is liberty—the liberty of every citizen to choose the form of government under which he will live. It was in accordance with this principle of liberty that the American colonies broke away from the mother country and that the slaves were given their freedom during the civil war. For the United States to determine the fate of any island, no matter how small, without the consent of its homogeneous, civilized inhabitants is for this great Republic not merely to abandon its former policy—that can be done if wisdom dictates—but to take a backward step toward lower ideals, which is something not to be pardoned.

But it may well happen that the population of the outlying territory may be desirous of annexation. What moral responsibility then rests upon the conscientious citizen of the United States? One form of responsibility is plain. If any citizen believes that this Republic, whether from its form of government or from the incapacity or inexperience of its people, is unable or unlikely to govern distant dependencies in such a manner as to redound to the happiness and welfare of the inhabitants of the latter, he is morally bound to cast his influence against an extension of the colonial policy. On this point there can be no doubt whatsoever in the mind of any lover of his kind. Nor is it a merely theoretical point. One mighty republic broke down disastrously in its attempt to govern colonies, and its liberty-loving citizens became the most cruel and rapacious oppressors when intrusted with colonial offices. The people of the Southern States have not yet forgotten the woes they suffered when they were governed from Washington. Even to-day it is a matter of general complaint that proper men are not secured for the internal administration of the country, and the American who believes this to be a true complaint may well hesitate to espouse a policy that may inflict incompetent officials upon helpless dependencies. On the other hand, it must be remembered that increased capacity often follows increased responsibility, although it is equally to be observed that no wise people would undertake new responsibilities with a

cheerful mind if its past record in such matters were unsatisfactory.

In this connection it is necessary to call special attention to what is regarded on all hands as a national disgrace—to wit, the utter incompetency displayed by civil officials in the conduct of the late war. Every one of us, whether he believed the war to be necessary or not, has rejoiced in the success that has attended the national arms; but every one of us has felt proportionally indignant at the wretched treatment accorded our troops. Have we sufficiently reflected, however, upon the fact that, if politics has so honeycombed the government at Washington with corruption that it cannot even provide for the safety and comfort of its own soldiers, there is absolutely no chance that alien subjects of that government will be treated as anything but sheep to be fleeced? Have we realized that the incompetent arbiters of our own destinies whom we elect to legislate for us and rule us are the men to whom we blandly propose to commit the fortunes of millions of people who never injured us? Perhaps we think that things will soon be better, that there will be court-martials and investigations, that the guilty will be punished and the families of the dead soldiers pensioned; and that when these things are done the inhabitants of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines will celebrate each recurring Fourth of July by singing "Halleluiahs" around "Old Glory."

Such thoughts would be in keeping with our optimistic disposition, but they are hardly justified by history. Investigations prompted by popular indignation rarely accomplish anything permanent. The whisky ring is neither dead nor companionless, and Boss Croker reigns in the place of Boss Tweed. The Congress that inaugurated the late war with appropriate exhibitions of fisticuffs will be succeeded by Congresses that will drink success in the Senate barroom to the new States of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Manila. The weak politician whose incompetence has caused the deaths of hundreds of soldiers will find his counterpart in the cabinet official who will unload thousands of spoilsmen upon help-

less colonials. It is useless to shut our eyes to a state of things that is bound to exist as long as the American people continue to cherish the delusion that democracy means the consultation of the people in all governmental matters, instead of the right of the people to elect trained, independent men who shall represent truly and govern as their wisdom dictates. This was the democratic government that Washington and Jefferson advocated and administered, that Andrew Jackson overthrew, and that the demagogues of our day are fast burying out of sight. Until a really representative democracy is restored among us, it is almost wicked in us to turn our eyes abroad and to talk imperialism.

Of course what has just been said will seem to some to be treasonable and un-American. It is neither. If there are any traitors in this country, they are to be found among the people who, when attention is called to the dangerous state of our politics, reply by saying that we are honest and easy-going as a nation, and make money and have fast railroad trains. If there are any people who are un-American, they are to be found among those who cannot bear criticism and who seek to fling abuse at any man who is independent enough to denounce what he believes to be wrong. For to be truly American means to be manly, and nothing can be less manly than a silly optimism in the face of obvious and pressing dangers.

And it is the sheerest kind of silly optimism—more disgusting than any form of pessimism—that prates about the mission of this country to reform the world by renouncing its isolation before it has cleansed the kennels of its political corruption. It is silly optimism that fights for the independence of an island that cannot be independent if it would and that plainly belongs to the very country that proclaims its independence. It is silly optimism that thinks that Cuba or Porto Rico or any other dependency can be well governed by a people who tolerate ward bosses and political pettifoggers. It is silly optimism that shakes a fist at the powers of Europe, yet can hardly manage to provide one decent camp for its own soldiers. It is silly optimism that is for-

ever exclaiming, "My country, right or wrong!" when it is plain to every one who has eyes to see that might and numbers cannot make a thing right, and that it is just this pseudo-patriotism of the vociferous kind that degenerates into partisan support of political and military cliques and leads to such scandals as that now shaming France. In short, it is silly optimism that leads us to think that we are the petted children of fortune who can strut with impunity over the world's stage, pointing the finger of scorn at less fortunate and virtuous peoples. If it were only our bad and vicious classes who proposed to take all the wild leaps in the dark that have been contemplated recently in this country, we should know what counter steps to take; but unfortunately they are proposed by honest and good men, and God has never yet in his wisdom vouchsafed to disclose to the race any way of rendering a respectable ignoramus innocuous.

But of what use is all this destructive criticism of a policy upon which the country is already embarked? We have annexed Hawaii and gained Porto Rico by conquest, and we are rapidly engaged in enlarging our navy. We cannot, if we would, draw back from many of the consequences of the adoption of an imperial policy; those who oppose it are seemingly crying in the wilderness; the nation has tasted power, and, like a young tiger that has tasted blood, cannot now be tamed.

It is true that such a discussion as the present would have very little effect upon the public even if it came from a far abler pen. The class that is affected by criticism is at all times a mere fringe upon the great interwoven texture of the people. When a rare scholar and truly brave and sincere man like Professor Charles Eliot Norton ventures to stand forth and tell even this generous and kind-hearted nation that it is going sadly astray in a grave crisis, he is almost stoned for his utterances. It will take centuries of education before any people, as a whole, will be able to ponder seriously any political step with which their sentiments and emotions are intimately concerned. Indeed, at the present stage of human development, it may be doubted whether a whole peo-

ple could pause and criticise matters as Professor Norton can without being hopelessly sordid or decadent. Nor would the criticism of a sordid or decadent class or people be sound criticism. We are therefore impaled upon the horns of a dilemma. Nations do foolish and wrong things which wise and calm critics reprobate; yet they could not have acted calmly without having lost their force and strength, and they could not have acted wisely considering the untrained character of human nature taken in the aggregate.

But without criticism human education could not progress. The utterances of Professor Norton have impressed but few of his countrymen, but these few will repeat his words; and in so far as he has stood for the ideal truth, his words will prevail more and more upon future generations. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," said the American poet, and in the whole range of literature we shall find no nobler aphorism. Hence, whatever may be our despair of affecting the masses at any crisis, and whatever may be the effects of that destiny which seems to drag the nations onward upon perilous paths, it is never amiss for the student to criticise the movements, political and social, of the great world in which he abides, an observant but little esteemed spectator.

Such being the present writer's views as to the nature and uses of criticism, he will make no apology for the discussion of the imperial policy contained in the preceding pages. Nor will he apologize for drawing attention, in conclusion, to one important lesson thrust upon all thoughtful citizens by the outbreak of the war with Spain and by the entrance of the United States upon a new policy of territorial aggrandizement. This lesson relates to the limitations to the truly popular character of our government.

We are accustomed to the statement that the government of the United States is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and most of us, unless we have thought and read about the matter, have fondly imagined that the American people are the sole arbiters of their political destiny. Perhaps most Americans think so still, even after the rupture with Spain, because it has been sedulously main-

tained that the war was a popular one. Probably it was in a sense, but the fact remains that the American people have had no real opportunity to speak their minds, that the war was brought on mainly by the press, the pulpit, and a Congress and administration elected on a purely financial issue. In no way was the formal voice of the American people recorded for war, and, although it is fairly certain, from the response to the call to arms and from other signs, that the country was borne into the war on a wave of popular sentiment, it is equally clear that no opportunity was afforded for that calm reflection which alone can give the voice of the people any resemblance to the voice of God. We have long known, of course, that the power to declare and conduct wars must reside in Congress and the executive, but we have never before been so completely taught the helplessness of the people in a time of sentimental excitement to take grave counsel and to prevent themselves from being swept from their political moorings into new and untried seas. The lesson was a salutary one and had to come. It has shown the intellectual minority how small their power really is in a democratic state; it has thrown a flood of light upon the depth of the religious sentiments in a people who can make "vengeance" their watch cry; it has proved that the citizens of a republic, trained to the exercise of political privileges and duties, are as liable to be stirred into warlike fury as the inhabitants of any monarchy or empire; it has cast grave doubts upon the speedy advent of an age of universal peace and cosmopolitan brotherhood; and finally, it has taught us, as no other lesson of history has ever done, not that the Republic is to be at all despaired of, but that we must not trust in principles alone to the exclusion of trust in tried, honorable, and wise men, and that everywhere and always "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

W. P. TRENT.

REVIEWS.

ZOLA'S PARIS.

PARIS. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier, 1898. Also translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: Macmillan, 1898. (2 vols.)

No foreigner, unless we count as such Gladstone, who seemed rather one of us, has been more in the minds and, we might almost say, in the hearts of Anglo-Saxons during the past months than Emile Zola for his brave championship of what to Americans and Englishmen seems the A, B, C of justice and national honor against the demagogues and the mob of his country. Had his struggles been successful, we should have honored him; but we honor him doubly in his defeat, because only that defeat could have shown the necessity and the heroism of the struggle. It was, therefore, with peculiar interest that at this time readers the world over looked for this book, the last of the trilogy of "The Three Cities" in which he undertook to symbolize in the soul-struggles of Pierre Froment the contest between the old creed and the new faith, in which he sees the condemnation of the past and the hope of the future of France.

Abbé Froment is presented to us in *Lourdes* as a doubting priest who seeks honestly to recover his faith at the miraculous grotto, and finds only a hollow mockery of his hopes. He returns thence with a conviction, which observation has made his present reviewer share, that Christianity in the form that is presented to the *bourgeoisie* of France is moribund; that it not only has no power to influence conduct except in restricted circles, but that it shows no likelihood of recovering such power, either by its pretended sympathy with democracy or by its cynical incitement to the base passions of religious hate in the contemptible persecution of the Jews. The urban masses regard the religion of the Concordat either with indifference or with hate, and in the country districts, with some notable exceptions, the conditions are not very different. Christian charity, as they know

it, is felt to be a poor substitute for social justice. It is with these convictions that Abbé Froment leaves Lourdes.

"But is there not hope of reform within the Church?" he asks himself. "Cannot the Church take the lead in a social emancipation? Cannot it evolve from itself a new Christian socialism, or rather has it not always been in its essence socialistic, and is it not in striving for this renaissance of the faith that Froment will best realize his Christian vocation?" These are the questions posed and answered in Rome. The Abbé tries first to realize at Paris on a small scale his religious and social ideals. He writes a book on the New Jerusalem that he feels Rome has the power to become. He is summoned to the Eternal City to answer for his temerity. The wise prelates do not condemn him, they hardly even argue with him; they show him Rome as it is, Rome as papal tradition has made it, and gradually the conviction filters, almost without his knowing how, into his mind that any hope of rejuvenation here is vain and futile. Here was only ruin, the rotten trunk of a tree that would never know another springtide. Unasked, he withdrew his book uncondemned and returned to Paris, where the present volume finds him still seeking the compass and the inspiration for his life.

From credulity and its exploitation in Lourdes, through credulity and its management by the refined diplomacy of Rome, he comes now in contact with the restless surging of the rising tide of the scientific conquest of the world. This is brought home to him by his brother Guillaume, a chemist, and, by most varied experiences among the rich and poor, with the submerged ooze of society and the froth that floats in gay frivolity on its surface. Thus in relating the gradual evolution of Froment's soul, its coming, as Faust would say, "to clearness," Zola is able to give us a wonderful series of pictures, such as he alone in France can paint, of Paris as it is to-day, of the kennels where the poor brood anarchy in misery, of the flaunting luxury of the plutocracy, of the venal press and hardly less venal government, of dilettant artists deliquescing in decadence, and reforming theorists

beating the air with vain contentions; while below this venal mendacity and petty banality of those whom the *bourgeois* revolutions have placed in power, there is making itself felt with a determination more and more terrible the claim of the disinherited, who hail the advance of material science as the advance of the only truth they know, a truth in which they place their confident hopes of the future. With these the self-disfrocked Abbé Froment casts his lot at last, believing, with a martyr's conviction, that "human happiness can spring only from the crucible of the scientist."

Zola's mind has ever been, to say the least, unreceptive to the things of the spirit. He is in a sense an idealist, but he reserves his bitterest invectives for that religious generation that has been advertising itself with such zealous persistency during the past decade in France. But while very much of what he says might seem at first sight to be an attack on Christianity itself, it is really addressed only to the pestilent activity of a group of ultramontane reactionaries, who are all the more dangerous in the moral field because they pretend for the moment to have abandoned the political one. To those who do not know the conditions in France Zola may seem at times to be fighting a phantom. He is not talking of any Christianity that we profess when he urges men to abandon it that they may "go forward to the new faith—that is, the faith in life, in work, in fruitfulness, in all that labors and produces." We rejoice in no "bankruptcy of science" and believe in none, nor do we see any necessity for a "battle between justice and charity." Science may not have realized the foolish expectations of the ignorant, but to the wise it has more than kept all its promises; yet even in the millennium, as long as man is man, mercy will need to season justice. Zola may be right in thinking that French neo-Catholicism is the last convulsion of a dying mode of thought that "will crumble beneath the breeze of truth without any need of lifting a finger." We think it will. But it is part of the limitation of Zola's genius, a limitation in which much of his strength as an artist is involved, that he has no perception of the real soul-hunger that lies

beneath this movement and gives it a deep pathos. Dechristianized France may take all that science can offer, but she will still be found reaching out after her lost spiritual ideals.

Technically "Paris" deserves high praise. It is well written and has many passages of great picturesqueness and strength. As usual, in his later novels, Zola uses here the symbolic method and has made the Basilica of the Sacred Heart brood over the whole story with an obscurantist shadow, while the city below glows with a light that is the creation of its own victory over nature. Mr. Vizetelly's translation, while not absolutely complete, is practically so, and, though it is not impeccable in its syntax, it is really remarkable for the extent of its vocabulary and its accurate use of words. Mr. Vizetelly has suffered for the sake of his convictions in regard to Zola's art, and, as he had his place in the combat, it is fitting he should have his share in the victory.

B. W. W.

MRS. WARD'S LATEST NOVEL.

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1898. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. vii., 309; v., 336.

In her new novel Mrs. Ward has returned to the theological theme that made "Robert Elsmere" notorious. She has varied the theme somewhat, but it is still essentially the same. The hero this time is a Roman Catholic of more than mediæval asceticism and tenacity; the heroine is an agnostic by heredity and training, although hardly by nature or reflective choice. Helbeck, the descendant of an old family of recusants, lives upon his ancestral domain of Bannisdale in the lake country and strips himself of all save the barest necessities in order to help on the cause of the Roman Church in England. His quiet life is broken into by the arrival of a widowed sister, an invalid, with her stepdaughter, Laura Fountain, the child of an agnostic Cambridge professor. As a matter of course the religious practices of the mansion and its owner grate on Laura, but equally of course propinquity does its work and she and Helbeck become en-

gaged to be married. Then follows the spiritual struggle for both. He does not think it right to try to proselyte her; and she, although she tries hard in the end, cannot bring herself to sympathize with his religious aspirations. It is not so much reason that sways her as an inherited instinct. Finally the engagement is broken and she leaves Bannisdale, but returns on account of the last illness of her step-mother, and relations with Helbeck are renewed. But the struggle still continues, and she finally brings it to a close by drowning herself.

There is obviously material here for an effective tragedy, and it is needless to say that a conscientious and highly trained writer like Mrs. Ward has made good use of it. Still we can hardly say that she has written a great book or even a powerfully moving one. As always, she is prolix and undramatic. Her hero is finely drawn and excites admiration if not affection, but her heroine is hardly equal to the part she sustains. She is not so attractive a personality as her lover, hence the reader's interest is not evenly balanced in the struggle between them. Nor does Mrs. Ward make it plain to us that it was inevitable that the girl should almost yield to Helbeck and then suffer the final revulsion that led her to suicide. If a willful, untrained girl like Laura could ever fall in love with a man like Helbeck, he would rule her every thought and action. Such at least is our psychological view of the matter, but it evidently is not Mrs. Ward's.

The minor characters of the book are not badly done, but do not stand out, except in the case of the Masons, who emerge as a family rather than as individuals, and represent the class of rough, independent farmers now disappearing and that most intolerant form of evangelical Anglicanism which we trust is disappearing also. Only one scene of marked power has impressed itself upon our memory—that in which Laura witnesses the death of the foundry man caught in the machinery, and ministers to his orphan child. But great characters and scenes are not what Mrs. Ward has taught us to expect from her, and we confess we are rather weary of her analysis, which leads us nowhither. The truth is, we

suspect that Mrs. Ward is, after all, a student of mental phases rather than a story-teller, and that all her novels have some of the characteristics of a *tour de force*. Yet it would be unfair to deny that she is a writer of great power and that her descriptions of the lake country are remarkably effective.

W. P. T.

A MANUAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D.
New York: Appleton.

This is the fourth in the series of "Literatures of the World," edited by Edmund Gosse, who has already treated the English perhaps as ably as could be hoped in the four hundred and fifty pages to which these volumes are limited, while Professor Dowden has been happy in equal measure in his treatment of French and Gilbert Murray has given a good account of ancient Greek. But perhaps none of these volumes were so needed, and surely none of those that are to follow will fill a gap so long and profoundly felt in our historical literature as this volume of Dr. Garnett's. It has been possible for the busy man of literary tastes to get a clear general view of the classical literatures—of the English, French, and German in his own tongue and with the perspective that an English point of view implies. So far as we know, this has not been possible in the case of Italian until now, and Dr. Garnett has filled the requirements of such a manual so admirably that his success is likely to deter rather than to attract imitation, so that his book may well remain unique for many years.

One need only turn to Dr. Garnett's excellent Bibliographical Note at the close of his volume to see what difficulties awaited the serious student of Italian literature as a whole. The field had in many places hardly been cleared at all. Little work had been done in English, some in French and German, and rather more, though of disappointing quality, in Italian, while in regard to some individuals, especially Dante, one was almost embarrassed by the wealth and variety of comment and criticism in every tongue.

It is just here that Dr. Garnett shows at once his discretion and his mastery of the subject. It would have been easy to have given a third of his book to Dante, who holds probably considerably more than that proportion of space in the Italian department of the minds of most of his readers; but, as he says in his Preface, he is not dealing with individual genius, but with Italian literature as a whole. He is less concerned with the greatness of the man than with his influence on letters, and he is probably right in saying that from this point of view Dante is actually less significant than Petrarch or Boccaccio; and, if many lesser men find a place in his narrative that they have not in the mind of his critic, we for our part are reasonably sure that the fault is ours, and we finish Dr. Garnett's book with the feeling that we do not know Italian literature as it becomes a scholar to know it, nor as well as we thought we did or as we still think we know the literature of France or Germany or Spain. Dr. Garnett has not only revealed new talents and new beauties, he has correlated the old knowledge by these new links, and has produced a compendium that is useful even to the professional student of literature.

Into the details of the study it would be out of place to enter here. Twenty-two pages well suffice for the literature before Dante, who is himself accorded thirty, a measure granted also, wisely we think, to Petrarch. In this brief space our author gives a judicial estimate of Dante, whom he weighs with Milton in a wavering balance, concluding that simply as poet he is less, while "as an elemental force," he must be placed in a higher category than Milton. Very judicious, too, is his comparison of Dante and Petrarch, the former intent on combining the materials he found into the most august edifice which their constitution admitted, the latter gaining new channels for feeling and intelligence. In regard both to Beatrice and Laura his position is that of the healthy realist who believes that men need a springboard of flesh and blood for their ideals of womanhood, and throughout the book this sanity of view characterizes his judgments of art and morals and, more es-

pecially, that worthy sphere of morality that, in the vision of Mrs Grundy, eclipses all the others.

Hence it is that Dr. Garnett is able to speak with justice of Boccaccio and of his "Decameron," one of the most perfect blendings of art and nature that the history of fiction has to show; far less conspicuous for its sensuality than for noble traits of courtesy and manly magnanimity. In what follows Dr. Garnett is naturally most interesting when he is speaking of the epic poets, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, Berni, and Tasso, but there is more labor and more profit to the reader in the general chapters treating of the fifteenth century and its poetical renaissance, of the sixteenth century and the Petrarchists, of the novel and the drama and the like. Four chapters at the close deal with the revival that followed the French Revolution and trace the regeneration of Italian letters through the century to our own day, in which he dwells, as is natural, on Carducci and Annunzio, to whom he seems, for all his enforced brevity, more adequately just than any English critic that we have read. Altogether Dr. Garnett is to be congratulated on having done creditably a useful and needed task, and the English-speaking peoples are the richer by a readable and judicious history of a literature to which they are perhaps directly indebted in a higher degree than to any other.

B. W. W.

NOTES.

SUCH of our readers as may be interested in "Early English Church History" cannot afford to neglect the "Beginnings of English Christianity," an admirable work by Prof. William Edward Collins, of King's College, London. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) The book is the more welcome as it comes just in time to correct the misapprehension that might have been caused by a ludicrous and much advertised travesty of the history of the same period published by an American doctor of divinity. This brief but very scholarly book puts before the general reader the results of modern historical investigation in England and on the Continent regarding the Christianity of the Britons and Scots and the relation of the Saxons to it. Among scholars there has long been a consensus of opinion on this matter, but credulous zeal among the clergy has maintained very generally among the laity delusions that in the name of truth and for the credit of the scholarship of the English Church it is high time should be done away. The plain fact is that English Christianity owes nothing directly to the Church in Wales, and from what we know of that Church this is a fact for which we ought to be profoundly grateful. Professor Collins closes his admirable book with a chapter on the position and claims of the Bishop of Rome in the sixth and seventh centuries that, like the rest of his work, is judicious and scholarly. There are also ten appendices, some of them of quite curious interest. We commend the book heartily as sure to be both interesting and profitable, and as written in the spirit of genuine scholarship and devotion to truth.

Another volume of gossip history from the fertile pen of Imbert de Saint-Amand is "Napoleon III. and His Court" (Scribner's, \$1.50), which takes up the story where "Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo" left it, and tells us what a superficial contemporary noble might have seen and what a superficial reader would like to know of the years from 1853 to 1856, including the Crimean war and the Exposition of 1855, with the visit of Victoria and Albert and

the gayeties resulting. The book closes with the birth of the Prince Imperial. It is the twenty-first of Saint-Amand's volumes on French history, and as they require for their composition only a facile pen and facile sentiment, without either research or judgment, there is no reason why the production of them should not continue indefinitely. To those who like to imagine that they are improving their minds, and so prefer the primrose paths of "history" to those of fiction, we commend this book. For serious students its value is, so far as we discern, infinitesimal.

We owe a number of pleasant hours to Miss Scidmore's "Java, the Garden of the East." (The Century Company, \$1.50.) Seldom has a book of travel come to us so genially written, and few travelers have such a sympathetic eye for the little things of foreign life that, after all, are often among the most interesting. Java, though one of the most beautiful countries in the world, is comparatively little known outside of Holland, owing no doubt in part to the jealousy with which the Dutch were wont to guard it from foreigners. It is an island of amazing productivity, and recent events in the far East must lend a special interest now to this account of the financial results of judicious government as contrasted with those obtained by a different system in the quite similarly situated Philippines, though the conditions in Java have probably been always the more favorable of the two, in the matter both of climate and soil, and of race. We commend Miss Scidmore's book heartily both for amusement and instruction, and we cannot suppress a regret that this paradise, having once come under Anglo-Saxon control, in 1811, should ever have been allowed to pass from it again. English rule is too great a blessing in the East that we should ever see it extended without pleasure or diminished without regret.

That excellent series, "The Story of the Nations" (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons), which has long since reached quite striking proportions, has for one of its latest volumes "Modern France" (1789-1895), by André Lebon, of the

French Chamber of Deputies. The story is, of course, intensely interesting in itself, and M. Lebon's book naturally suggests comparison with Baron Coubertin's excellent work, which we mentioned some time since. The present volume is in some respects more fitted for the needs of the general reader, because it is not merely political in character, but gives remarkably full accounts of the work done by Frenchmen in this century in letters, art, and science. Chronological and other tables are appended which add much to the value of the work as a handbook, and there can be little doubt that it will be extensively used among the ever-growing class of seekers after knowledge in our midst.

There is considerable interest of a sensational kind in "The King's Jackal" by Richard Harding Davis (New York, Scribner's, 1898), with illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson that it is doubtless proper to admire, though it passes the present writer's comprehension why their authorship should be proclaimed on the title-page or what element of interest or value they add to the novel. This latter opens at Tangier with a situation so like the mainspring of the action in Daudet's "Kings in Exile," both in its action and its characters, that one is a little concerned for Mr. Davis's originality; but the introduction of an American reporter, a "yellow hustler" named Gordon, possibly studied in the looking-glass, soon lends a distinctly American "bouquet" to the narrative, which, in spite of a certain bumptious vulgarity, is led to a strong and effective conclusion. Mr. Davis has deserved well of his country in these last months by his fearless revelations of the results of a combination of niggardly carelessness, belated prodigality, and administrative inefficiency. We do not feel that "The King's Jackal" will add to his reputation.

It is now officially announced that the *Atlantic Monthly* will remain under the editorship of Mr. Walter H. Page, and that Mr. Horace E. Scudder will devote himself to other

work. We shall miss Mr. Scudder, but there can be little doubt that under his successor the *Atlantic* will take a broader scope than in the past. Every number impresses us with the intense vitality of the magazine, with its interest in current matters; yet it is still true to its scholarly traditions and is almost the only one of our periodicals in which one may expect to find articles of strictly literary interest.

We have received from Henry Holt & Co. Dryden's "Essays on the Drama," edited by that competent teacher, Mr. William Strunk, Jr., a work which we think will be useful in university classes; and Mr. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," a sequel to the "Prisoner of Zenda," which will be read with interest by thousands of readers. We have received from the Macmillan Company "The Hope of Immortality," by that well-known scholar, Rev. J. E. C. Well-ton, Head Master of Harrow; "The Sacrifice of Christ," by Dr. Henry Wace; and "The Five Post-Kleisthenean Tribes," by Fred Orlando Bates, Ph.D., being No. VIII. of the Cornell studies in Classical Philology. James Pott & Co. send us "The Incarnation and the Kenosis," by the Rev. Alban Richey, M.A., a monograph in the *alumni* publications of the General Theological Seminary.

Nature speaks a varied language to her lovers, but we have seldom come in touch with a mind to whom she spoke with such fullness of significance and such infinitely modulated *nuances* of beauty as to Professor John C. Van Dyke in "Nature for Its Own Sake" (New York, Scribner's, 1898). The title is not as descriptive as might be desired. The Preface explains it. Nature here does not include animal life in any form, nothing then that can claim or excite sympathy, but only inanimate things, lights, skies, clouds, water, land, foliage; and Dr. Van Dyke calls his own book "Nature for Its Own Sake" because he does not regard these component parts of the beauty that wraps us in as a romantic or even as a classic background of human life, not as Wordsworth's sympathetic friend, now "pensive with adoration," and now

a rueful "pageantry of fear," not as "weeping" or "fawning" or "smiling," but "as needing no association with mankind to make them beautiful." His object, as he says, is "simply to call attention to that nature around us which only too many people look at every day and yet never see, to show that light, form, and color are beautiful regardless of human meaning or use," and this is done with really exquisite feeling, first for light, pure and broken; then for the sky, blue and clouded; then for rain and snow, and for various forms of water on the open sea, the beach, the river, and the the pond; and finally for the framework of earth itself, its hills, and plains and coverings of leaf and branch and herb and grassy turf. Everywhere Professor Van Dyke finds the touch of beauty, everywhere a hand to beckon and a still voice to call to the great peace.

It was a genial idea of the Messrs. Scribner to gather into ten volumes of tempting handiness fifty-one tales from the story-tellers of the continent ("Stories by Foreign Authors," 75 cents a volume, 1898), all of them worthy of preservation and conforming to the conventional proprieties of the Anglo-Saxon Muses. There are three volumes of French *contes*, nearly all of present generation, but including a few old favorites, and two volumes of stories from the German, somewhat less happily chosen, perhaps, though no nation has such rich stores to draw from as the French in this domain of fiction. One volume each is accorded to Spanish, Russian, Scandinavian, and Italian, and a final volume gives us a specimen of Polish, Greek, and Hungarian fiction and two of Belgian school, which is straining at originality in the effort to make itself appear French in language only and not in spirit. Taken as a whole the collection is interesting to the mere novel reader, and it is full of suggestiveness to the diletants of comparative fiction, though the conventions to which we have alluded debar publishers from giving adequate expression to any of the Continental literatures in English.

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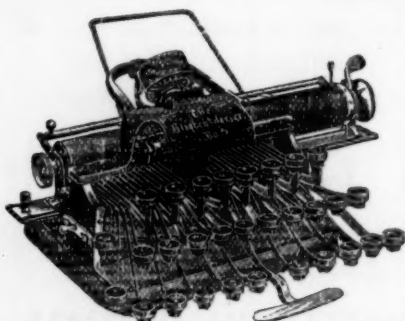
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